# NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1877. | VOLUME XXIV.—No. 44. Price Ten Cents.


## LENA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Good angels bright attend her in her ways,
For she is sweet. When Venus from the foam
Arose, with beauty's gift, to bless earth's days,
Her touch fell heavily on Lena's home.
And then a child was born, with eyes as bright
As two twin stars within their spheres above;
God spake again, and said: "Let there be light!"
"And there was light"—the light of Lena's love.

She grew in beauty—rounded form and arm,
And dimpled cheek, red lips and girlish grace;
And not in outward beauty lives the charm—
Within her heart is beauty's resting-place.
So sweet in life, so pure in thought and deed,
The impure thought, the idly spoken word,
Shrink from her coming—all good angels plead
Against their utterance, and they pass unheard.

There are such beings to our households given,
Abiding with us from the hour of birth,
That in their walk we still may walk with Heaven
And know such links unite it unto earth.
And so good spirits walk beside them here;
They linger not within our earthly rest,
But come to us that heaven may seem more near,
And then are taken—when He deemeth best.

# LILY MELVILLE,
## OR THE HAND OF FATE.

### A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XI.

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and Childhood fleet.—LONGFELLOW.

There was one excuse for Sir Ralph's extraordinary love for his daughter Lily. There might have been—doubtless there were—hundreds of girls as beautiful and as graceful; but she stood alone for that rare combination of beauty and intellect, gentleness and pride, that strange commingling of reserve and deep feeling, that goes to make a woman more than lovely—charming.

An artist who had once selected Rivershall for his subject had seen her in the rosary and gone mad. He then vowed with a terrible earnestness that he would waste no more time over the old stone and mortar, but set upon canvas the angel-girl which they sheltered, or pack up his easel and decamp.

Deeply under the glamour of the girl's beauty, he went in a rapture to Sir Ralph and asked permission, respectfully, but still with due artistic enthusiasm, to paint Miss Melville's portrait. The Baronet, for some reason, saw fit to be angered at the request, and turned upon the devoted artist with one of his fiercest and most terrible rages.

"And pray, sir, where did you see Miss Melville?" "In the garden, from the terrace," replied the artist. "She was passing among the flowers, like a beautiful spirit—an angel ——"

"Unconscious that a toad was spying at her behind the bushes," broke in the Baronet wrathfully. "Get out of my sight, sir, this instant! Who, sir, are you, that you should dare to watch my daughter? Take her portrait! By Heaven, I'll throw you from the window!"

Here he advanced, evidently to carry out his threat. The artist retreated, and almost backed on to the object of his enthusiasm—Miss Lily. A glance at the two actors in this dramatic scene told her the story at once. With the slight frown that was like a shade of her father's, she laid her hand upon his arm, and, holding him back by the light touch as effectually as an iron cable could have done, turned to the artist, and, with a gentle dignity which made her more beautiful than ever, said:

"Sir, you have angered my father. What is it you wish?"

"I—I asked permission to paint your portrait, Miss Melville."

She raised her eyebrows with a faint smile.

"Is that all, sir? Papa, may he not do it?"

"No," said the Baronet stoutly. "He watched you from the garden!"

"A cat may look at a king," she whispered in his ear.

Then, seeing him yield, she said to the artist:

"Sir Ralph gives you his permission, sir, but I withhold mine unless you consent to paint us both standing together."

The artist, overjoyed at his success, commenced his task then and there, and the first sketch was taken—the Baronet half frowning and smiling, the girl placidly lovely, with her arm round his neck. In this way, with a cord of love, she ruled and governed the fiery Baronet. Her father—hard to all the rest of the world—melted to her; and a tenant who wanted a new lease, a servant harping on a holiday, knew that if the favor were to be obtained he must go to Miss Lily for it, for only through her could the Baronet be reached.

Left motherless, without sister or brother, it was wonderful that the girl had been strong-minded and strong-hearted enough to withstand spoiling. But Lily had mind as well as beauty, and her clear intellect, remarkable as a child, leavened and counteracted the otherwise harmful effect of her father's worship and the idolatry of all the others about her. The library at Rivershall was a large and mixed one. With very little guidance from Sir Ralph, she had explored its wilderness and reveled in its treasures. With little help in the ordinary ways beyond that of a too-lenient governess, who had now gone, she had managed to educate herself—to such an extent, too, that often some remark she would pass upon a topic under discussion at her father's table would rouse astonishment and admiration.

"Lily, you are too clever," he said one day with a sigh, stroking her hair and looking into the clear depths of her beautiful eyes.

"Too ignorant, you mean, papa," she said with a low laugh. "I know nothing but that the world—Rivershall, you know—is very beautiful, and that I love you, papa, better than I can say or dream or think."

"But I heard you speak some lines of Shakespeare yesterday. What were they? Where did you learn them?"

"From the huge old volume in the library. Oh, papa, I love that old book; I love a great many of the books, especially the poetry. I could repeat over so many lines of Shakespeare and Milton and Moore. But, papa, why do you look so sad? Surely, you are not displeased?"

"Not displeased, Lily," he said regretfully. "You have been sadly neglected. I should have taken greater pains to have had you better educated. I——"

She stopped him with a kiss.

"No, papa, you must not say that. I am not neglected, and if I am ignorant it is my own fault. But ——"

"Well," he said anxiously, "why do you hesitate? You were going to ask me for something."

"Yes," she said. "I am always asking you for something. Now, a pony—no, you gave me that without asking, papa; I believe you would give me the moon if I asked for it and you could get it."

He smiled grimly.

"I don't doubt it, Lily," he said ruefully. "But, come, what have you slipped away from my question."

"Must I tell you?" she said. "Well, then, I was going to ask you if some—when—some long time in the future—I might learn some of the many things I do not know, papa? I read, oh, of so many things, places and people, languages that I know nothing of, and it's like walking in a room with one's eyes half bandaged, groping about the tables and chairs. I should like to be able to understand all that you talk about to Mr. Packer and Lord Roslyn. Sometimes I think I do understand a little; but then comes a hard word, and it is all gone again. Papa, I want someone to teach me."

And she laid a fair hand upon either shoulder, and looked with a wistful, loving smile into his face.

He shrank from her gaze with a gesture of pain. It was a hard thought for him that even a tutor should come between him and the idol of his heart—apart yet. Besides, if she learnt—this one ewe-lamb of his, with the golden hair and clear, guileless eyes—all that the world could teach her, could she escape learning of that one thing he would keep from her—love?

To reflect for a moment that some day—in the future, as she said—someone now unknown, undreamt of, would come to wake the slumbering, unborn passion within her heart, and claim her for his own, maddened him.

"Lily," he said, struggling with his emotion and calling himself a selfish brute, "you shall have another governess, but—but you will not love your fond, foolish father the less?"

Her low cry of love brought the tears to his eyes.

"There, there; I am foolish, indeed. Now let us talk of something else. What do you think of the opera?"

The question had slipped from him almost without his knowing it. It was the first time he had mentioned it since their visit.

Lily, who understood the faintest change in his eyes, knew that something had happened that night which he did not wish her to speak of; and she, with patient, trusting love, had passed over the night—much as she had enjoyed it—without mentioning it or recurring to it in any way.

She flushed a little and looked at him questioningly.

"You cannot tell how delighted I was with it, papa," she replied. "The music was delicious, and the acting—oh, I forgot the whole while that it was not real, and found myself crying for the unhappy Prince. Ah, papa, how he must have loved to die so readily and cheerfully for the beautiful Princess!"

Sir Ralph shuffled uneasily.

"Yes," he said. "But you know nothing about love, my dear Lily; I—you must not believe all that you see at the opera—I mean that people do not love like that in real life."

"Do they not, papa?" she replied, opening her eyes. "Are you sure? Because that seemed so real. Besides ——"

"Besides what?"

"I—I think if I loved I could die for the one I oved. Ah, I am sure I could. Why, papa, I thought ove was the only thing that was real in the world—heard Lord Roslyn say so."

Sir Ralph muttered not a benediction on his lordship's head, and mentally resolved that when he dined at Rivershall next Miss Lily should be kept from the drawing-room.

"Lord Roslyn talks about many things he does not understand, like a great many other men, my dear Lily. You must not pay any attention to him. Love is ——"

"Yes, papa?" said Lily demurely.

"Is a very strange thing," said the Baronet, bending down; "and if I were you, Lily, I would not think of it. It is very silly."

"O papa! Silly, and the Prince died for it? Besides, I remember that I cried over Romeo when he came back and found Juliet dead. Is all that silly? And Shakespeare only laughing at us all the while?"

"Shakespeare was a very clever man," said the Baronet, half tempted, but too much ashamed to call the divine poet a foolish fellow, and temporizing a little; "but you mustn't pay too much attention to what he says. Like Lord Roslyn, he writes about a great many things he doesn't understand, and you don't understand."

"But I do understand that," urged Lily.

"Eh?" said the Baronet.

"I know what love is," said the girl solemnly, with her eyes wide opened and her mouth bent to a perfect Cupid's bow. "Love is the lost star that the angels dropped from heaven. It fell into the heart of Adam and was reflected in the heart of Eve. They lived and died, but left the star and its reflection to all their children; and if the star falls into one's heart, it lights the whole life, and never rests till it finds its reflection in its other heart. And when it does it is love, and one hear will die for the other or live for the other till death separates them."

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the astounded Baronet, "where on earth did you learn that?"

Lily laughed a merry laugh.

"From an old book of German tales. Is it not beautiful, papa? There is a great deal more of it, but I can't remember any more."

"I am very glad of it," said the Baronet decisively, "and I hope you will speedily forget that which you do remember. 'Star from Heaven—reflective hearts—death!' My dear, have the goodness to tell Palmer to come here."

And as the beautiful girl ran away on her errand he added to himself: "I'll lock that library-door." But a little consideration showed the Baronet that locking the library-door would not prevent Lily from reading Shakespeare and German love-ditties, for at a word from her he would, as usual, be compelled to give up the key.

"No," he mused ruefully, "the child is getting to that brook which divides girlhood from womanhood, and all I can do will not stay her feet. Hem! Well, if she must read and think, better let her do so under proper guidance, or all this love-nonsense will spoil her. She shall have a governess, a clever, sensible woman of the world, who will teach her all that is proper for her to know, and show her what a hollow mockery this love-nonsense is."

Once having arrived at this wise decision, the Baronet lost no time, but there and then penned an advertisement for a governess.

"A lady," so said the advertisement, "who would undertake the direction of a young lady's studies and teach her all the accomplishments. Address Sir Ralph Melville, Hyde Park Corner."

CHAPTER XII.

Love, that burneth unrepaid,
In her heart sad havoc made.

On Tuesday the advertisement appeared in print, and Melchior—sipping his coffee and breaking his toast—lit upon it. He uttered an exclamation of satisfaction, and, with a low laugh, leaned back in his chair.

"What is the matter—what have you read?" asked Cli, seated, as usual, opposite him, and as abstracted as ever.

"I laugh as most men do when the cards fall well for them," replied the man, taking up the paper again and smiling at the advertisement. "Fortune is smiling on us—or rather me, Cli—just at present. Make hay while the sun shines. For two days, lad, have I been puzzling my brains to discover some means to get at a certain place by a secret road—lo! here is the thing, the very thing! a subterranean passage made for me, a door specially constructed, and open only to my touch. Now let us see," and with a musing air he strolled over to the desk and wrote a note. It was a very short one—"Come with the bearer"—and bore neither superscription nor signature.

Knocking on the floor twice with his heel, he stood waving the curt missive between his finger and thumb, watching for the appearance of the old mute. When she came he gave some directions by means of the finger-language, and handed her the letter.

With a grin of intelligence the old woman shuffled off, and her master resumed his breakfast.

Presently his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps, and, getting up, he said:

"Cli, go upstairs and take a turn at the mark for a while."

The lad left the room, and a few minutes afterwards the old woman, accompanied by a younger one, entered.

Melchior rose to meet them, dismissed the mute with a nod, and, taking his visitor's hand, which was a small gloved one, greeted her, said:

"This is quick indeed, Kate," with a smile and a half-nod of approbation.

The woman sat down on the chair he pulled forward for her, and lifted her thick veil, which had concealed a face neither beautiful nor plain—too pale and expressionless, perhaps, to please a connoisseur for the former, and yet with features too regular to be the latter. Her eyes were gray—calm, still, and suppressed as her face, but with a certain something in them, a deep light, hidden and kept back, that hinted at some predominant feeling, ever smothered and stifled.

"Your note said 'Come at once;' have I ever disobeyed you?"

The voice would have been musical had it been a full one, but, like the face, it was held in check, and unnaturally monotonous.

"No, Kate, nor ever will," he said, seating himself by the table and leaning back easily, his eyes fixed on her face, and his long, strong hand beating a gentle tattoo. "You are a good girl—well, woman if you will have it so—but girl still to me, who cannot but think of you always as I knew you first—when ——"

She looked up with the light in her eyes flashing out for a moment, but subdued the next.

"When you stepped forward from the rest of the world and saved me from a life that was rendered intolerable by my lonely and crime and misery."

"Hush!" he said gently. "You use too strong terms for it. What I did was nothing more than anyone with something higher than the heart of a brute would do."

"No," she said, as decisively as before. "You forget it, perhaps—I don't. Five years ago I was the bond-slave of a man whom I called father, but whom the world would have called brute. I worked for him, stole for him. You passed the house—the den, rather—one of the mornings when he was pleased to beat me. He struck harder than usual, and I cried. You heard me, entered, tore me from his clutches, and—Heaven alone knows how—bore me off."

Melchior held up his hand to stop her, but with the same monotonous voice the woman continued:

"No, let me finish. The most benevolent of men might have stopped there and have dropped me in the mud and mire again; but you had a larger heart than all the charitable societies and poor-man friends put together, and did not rest until you had saved me. You sent me to school, far away in the country. Learn, you said, and I learnt. If you had told me to kill myself I should have done it as unquestioningly, as unhesitatingly. I learnt all they could teach me. You brought me away and gave me a home, found me employment, and when I begged on my knees that you would give me a chance of showing my gratitude, you said simply 'Wait.' The other day I passed you in the street. You saw me and smiled; you spoke, and I knew by the tones of your voice that the time was near when you would redeem your promise and let me relieve my heart of something of its burden."

She stopped, paler, but otherwise unmoved, and fixed her steely eyes upon his face.

"Kate," he said, "you have learnt two things above all knowledge—the command of your feelings and patience. I am sorry you recalled our little history; forget it, if you can—your gratitude is more than I deserve. Keep your faith in me; it would be cruel to undeceive you," he added inaudibly; then aloud: "Well, I said 'Wait,' and you have waited. Now I am going to ask you to do me a service."

"I have lived only for that," replied the woman.

He nodded, and, pointing to Sir Ralph's advertisement, said:

"Read that."

She read it slowly and attentively.

"You must be that governess," he said decisively. The woman's face clouded.

"Is that all—no harder to do than that?"

"Stay," he said, with his low, musical laugh. "Not quite all. I am going to leave England—that's a secret."

She inclined her head, and he knew that not all the tortures of the Inquisition could wring it from her.

"I am going to leave England, and shortly; but I am interested in one or two matters in the old country—interested in one or two families without their being aware of that interest. You understand?"

"Perfectly," she said, leaning a little forward, and breathing more quickly, as if she were drinking in every word and waiting like a hound straining at the leash to catch his wish before it was expressed.

"One family is that spoken of in the advertisement—Sir Ralph Melville and his daughter Lily. You will learn all about them when you enter the household; I need not give you their history. The other person is Lady Melville, the widow of Sir William Melville, who was ——"

"Murdered!" said the woman as he hesitated.

"Yes," he said, stroking his moustache with his firm hand. "Between the Baronet and his brother's widow there is a deadly feud. The history of that you will also find out for yourself—perhaps you know it already. Sir Ralph lives at Rivershall—or in London, at their address; Lady Melville is an erratic spir

"LILY MELVILLE."—The Chevalier tells Lady Melville the story of a poison flower: "The bride gave the promise, and fulfilled it. She kissed the fatal flower, and fell dead on the altar-step."

it, and flies no man knows when or whither. Kate, I know you as well as you know yourself. I know that it I ask you to watch these people and let me hear of them, I shall see them with your eyes as well as if I were watching them with my own."

A slight flush rose to the woman's face.

"You may trust me," she said. "Not a word or a look should escape me, but ——"

"How shall I place you there?" he broke in. "Kate, you shall place yourself. You have not been trained in so good a school for nothing. I write this letter of introduction; it is signed the Rev. James Barlow. When the Baronet reads it, quietly inform him that it comes from a country clergyman, and give him as reference the name of the schoolmistress you studied under. She will only be too glad to help her favorite pupil. As a last resourse, refer him to the good old woman who has taught you—what is it?—bonnet-making."

The woman nodded.

"I see. Give me the letter, and trust me."

"There it is, Kate. I trust you most implicitly. And now for the means of communication. See here," he said, taking out a pocketbook and handing her a sheet of note-paper and a small glass pencil. "Write your name on that."

The woman removed her glove and attempted to do as she was told; but after several vain attempts she looked up and said:

"The pencil will not write."

"Never mind," he retorted with a smile, "try lower down, and write as if you saw the marks."

She formed the invisible letters "Kate Lucas;" and sat awaiting further commands.

"You see nothing?" he said.

She silently shook her head.

"Nothing."

He took up the paper, and, after holding it near the fire, held it up. The hitherto invisible letters then stood out plainly in crimson.

"Invisible ink," he explained. "Take that pencil and another one. Write as I dictate, addressed as I direct, a short note, as if to a cousin, in ordinary ink, to avert suspicion if the note should chance to be opened, but on the plain side write with the invisible ink."

Her eyes glittered.

"I see, I see," she said.

"So far, so good," he said, smiling. "You little know how you overpay me, my dear girl; and now for a few hints. You know enough to train a girl well. But something else will be wanted. I think Sir Ralph loves his daughter—dotes on her—thinks her the rarest gem the world contains. He would have a guard, a watchdog, as well as a governess ——"

"And I am that already," said the woman, "I am watching for you."

"And for Sir Ralph at the same time—of course. Ah, Kate, you have what few women can boast—brains."

The woman's hands closed with an involuntary gesture of delight, and a look shot from her eyes of passionate gratitude—but only for a moment. The signs of her emotion instantly vanished, and she said calmly:

"They are at your disposal—my life is; you know it."

He shook his head disclaimingly, and rose, smiling at her earnestness.

"And now, Kate, 'good-bye,'" he said, holding out his hand as she rose and stood before him.

"Good-bye," she said, placing her hand in his. "When do you go?"

"I cannot say," he said, keeping her hand in his as they walked to the door. "I am like Lady Melville—a bird of passage. Here, there, everywhere, always ready to spread my wings. Perhaps to-night, this day week—month!—impossible to say. But you will know when I am gone. I shall write immediately I reach my destination."

She stood a moment, listening eagerly, timidly, to the tones of his voice, and then turned to go. He held the door for her and offered to descend the stairs with her; but she shook her head, and, with a quick glance at her face, he bent his head and pressed his lips upon her hand as a last farewell. A tremor ran through her at the touch of his lips; but she repressed it, and, hastily dropping her veil, stole down the stairs. At the bend, however, she stopped, and, clasping her hands, breathed in a voice of agony:

"Going! going!"

Then, with a shiver as of physical pain, he hurried away. Melchior watched her from the dust-stained window with a smile that was almost sad.

"A noble woman!" he murmured. "I can trust her, indeed. Love is a bad master; but, ah, how faithful, how dog-like a servant! Now for the Baron."

CHAPTER XIII.

Rank flower!
Sown by Death's hand and ripened
With his breath

At any other time the Baron de Moniporte would have been distracted by the loss of so many articles of jewelry, and have made, perhaps, no little stir about them; but, just at present, he was so engrossed by the prospects of the Venetian loan, so wrapt up in the closing of the negotiations with the Chevalier, that he actually bore his misfortune patiently, chuckling over the prospect of a large haul that would cover half a dozen such robberies.

Meanwhile the Chevalier took his place in the best society. He was getting a known man. People of rank and position got to notice him and inquire who that strange, aristocratic gentleman on the stout cob was; and, when they were told that he was a Venetian nobleman over here on some secret mission, the fish were informed by those people who always add a little confidential aside to anything they tell you that "he is one of the finest diplomats in the world, sir," they sent him cards for their evening drums and soirees; but the Chevalier kept himself very quiet, and more often refused than accepted. One invitation, however, he could not decline, and that was to a small dinner at the Duke's. The Duchess had made no little boast of the Chevalier to her female friends, and was rather proud of having the first diplomat in Europe at her little parties.

This dinner was a small one—that is to say, there were no more than about thirty guests, and the saloon was not quite crammed to suffocation. Lord Harcourt was there, and the Baron, also Lady Melville—the latter as beautiful as ever, and, if anything, a little more serene and regal.

Now, it happened that when the exodus from the drawing to the dining room took place the Chevalier was engaged in conversation with her ladyship, and the Duchess could do nothing else than ask the Venetian to escort Lady Melville, though the Baron was fidgeting and puffing, as he had expected that honor. If the arrangement was displeasing to the beautiful widow, she certainly concealed it well, for one might have fancied that a slight look of relief passed over her dark face. The Chevalier was alike oblivious of both, and his low, pleasant voice was soon exerting itself as it had done in the Duchess' box, but in a graver strain.

The Chevalier was something of a botanist, and became quite eloquent in praise of a rare plant which he extracted from the epergne and submitted to her ladyship.

"That," said he, "is a beautiful flower, and a difficult one to rear. Do you admire it?"

"Very much; it is beautiful," said her ladyship, raising it to smell. "Beautiful! What is its name?"

"It is an Indian rose," said the Chevalier, "and grows on the banks of the Ganges. There is only one plant more difficult to preserve in your disagreeable climate, and that is the African waterflower."

"And what is that like?" asked Lady Melville, quite interested.

"A white flower with a yellow body—a most peculiar plant, and a most dangerous one."

"How so? Is it poisonous?"

"To a deadly degree," said the Chevalier with a pleasant smile. "Your nightshade is an innocent plant by its side. The very perfume of it is sufficient to send a strong man into a swoon. A woman might suffer still more."

"Indeed," said her ladyship. "How very dreadful! Have you ever seen anyone suffering from its effects?"

"Often," said the Chevalier. "It is well known in Venice among a certain class, and a number of murders have been effected by its agency."

Her ladyship was horrified and curious.

"I have read," said she, "of persons being poisoned by the perfume of a flower, but always imagined the incident a pure invention."

"A certain fact, my dear madam," said the Chevalier with a smile, "as you might find for yourself if the experiment were not a disagreeable one."

Her ladyship laughed at this sally, and the Chevalier turned to another subject.

But her ladyship's curiosity had been roused, and her love of the awful—which all women possess in a large or small degree—attracted by the subject, and after a while she returned quite naturally to the captain by the way in which he praised the order and completeness of the vessel, and the affability he displayed on drinking the captain's health in the state-cabin. That necessary form gone through, Dr. Ambrose departed, and in a roundabout way reached Spitalfields.

During all these days of activity on Melchior's part, the lonely lad Cli had been idly dreaming and speculating as of old. The task set him by his hard, inflexible master had been accomplished, and the notes printed from the finely engraved counterfeit plate were ready for circulation. How far and to what extent the lad was aware of the criminality of his handiwork it would have been impossible to say. As he had said, he knew nothing more of the world, its cares, and its responsibilities than could be found in his dim old prison-home, save in the few walks or drives under Melchior's close espionage. Whatever he knew or dreamt his face never revealed.

Even now, when Melchior entered, dressed in the character of Dr. Ambrose, in neat, well-fitting black clothes and a well-bred physician's smile, set off by an exquisitely made gray-haired wig, he expressed no surprise, save by a rather longer glance than usual and a sad smile.

"Well, how does the wig become me, lad?" asked Melchior with an unctuous laugh, as he laid his gold-headed, doctorly cane upon the table and leant forward in his chair to warm his hands at the fire. "Do I look the doctor—am I smooth, suave, and catish enough, eh? Does 'Draughts as before, pills at bedtime,' shine from my well-powdered forehead, eh? Well, well, the play is nearly ended, Cli, or rather the first act."

"What do you mean?" asked the lad, starting from his revere and rising to poke the fire.

"I mean that the scene changes, Cli. We have played well our part in England, and will now for a while foot it in a more cheerful scene and a softer clime. Ugh! how cold it is! To-night would freeze an alligator. Is it not beautiful? No, do not touch it; let me fasten it in your bosom. There, that is lovely—the finishing touch! Now you are indeed perfect! But, Rose, promise me that when the priest elevates the sacred elements you will kiss my poor flower! Promise me and I shall be happy, knowing that you love me!"

"The bride gave the promise, and fulfilled it! She kissed the fatal flower, and fell dead on the altar-step."

As he finished the last words his voice, which had been only audible to his companion, dropped to a grave whisper, and her ladyship, looking up with a strong expression upon her face, started at the depth of the dark eyes fixed on hers.

"There," he said with a light laugh, "is a romance for you, and a true one. Now, what do you say to my African lily?"

"That it is very awful, and that I should like to have one. It would be delicious to know that one possessed so dreadful a thing."

"Yes; a tiger in the drawing-room or a rattlesnake in my lady's boudoir is nothing to it," said the Chevalier with a laugh. "But is your ladyship serious? Would you really like to have the flower?"

"Yes, really," said Lady Melville, smiling and toying with her white lace handkerchief.

"Well —— Ah, the Duchess has risen. Will you save me a corner on the lounge? I will tell you something more of it."

Lady Melville nodded pleasantly, and joined the other ladies in their retreat, unconscious of the sardonic smile that sat upon the lip of the Chevalier as he watched her stately figure mingling with the rest.

When the gentleman reached the drawing-room the vacant place was there, as her ladyship had promised, and the Chevalier dropped into it.

But he seemed to have forgotten the price at which he had obtained it, and it was not until his beautiful neighbor tapped his arm with her jeweled fan that he awoke from a deep reverie.

"Come," she said, "if you are going to sleep, Chevalier, I shall join Lord Harcourt at whist. Have you forgotten that you were to tell me of that terrible flower?"

"Ah, yes; a thousand pardons. I have acquired the bad habit of falling into a muse—what you English call a 'brown study.' The poison-flower? Ah, yes. Well, your ladyship would like one? Now, I have a blossom, but ——"

"But what?" asked her ladyship with charming indifference.

"I scarcely dare give it you," he said with another sigh, "supposing an accident, you see?"

A slight curl of the lip answered him.

"The Chevalier would not have me think him so cowardly. No, I will not accept it. You are afraid to trust me."

And she half turned from him with a most charming pout.

"Pray, forgive me," returned the high-bred diplomat. "I was not in earnest. Your ladyship shall have the flower, but—ah, you smile—you will promise that no one shall know from whom you got it?"

"I promise. Nay!" she said with an amused laugh. "If that is not earnest enough for you, Chevalier, I will swear, as they do in Venice, never to disclose the name of the donor."

The Chevalier laughed as if he enjoyed it.

"It is most amusing. Come, your ladyship shall swear. See, here is a cross—a pretty little sparkling toy—put it to your lips. Soh, I swear that, happen what will, I will never disclose from whom I obtained the poison-flower."

Her ladyship, fully entering into the mock heroism of the scene, repeated, in a low voice, the dictated oath.

"There, surely that is pledge enough, Chevalier?"

"Quite," he said, and his voice was rather grave. "Your ladyship shall have the flower. I will leave it for you, secured and sealed to-night. Nay, more, that I may know you have received it, give me that ring. I will inclose it in the box, and your ladyship shall wear it outside your glove to-morrow in the Drive. If you don't, I shall know that something has gone amiss with my little curiosity."

"How delightfully mysterious," smiled her ladyship. "There is the ring, and I shall expect my little present to-night."

"To-night," he replied, quickly slipping the ring upon his fourth finger. "And, let me warn you, the plant possesses all the deadly powers I spoke of. Let no one touch it or smell it. To taste it is death."

"I will be careful. I dare say I shall be so frightened of it that I shall burn it half an hour after it arrives," laughed her ladyship.

"I dare say," he said. "Ten o'clock! I must beat a retreat."

And with a courtly bow he left her.

The next morning her ladyship's numerous admirers were surprised and puzzled at seeing her emerald and ruby ring sparkling outside her dainty riding-glove.

CHAPTER XIV.

All is not lost. the unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.—MILTON.

Highly satisfied with this last link in his chain, the Chevalier in another character proceeded to book two berths in a vessel lying in the docks, preparing for a voyage to Italy. The berths were booked in the names of Dr. Ambrose and his son, and the said Dr. Ambrose took quite a chance in the captain by the way in which he praised the order and completeness of the vessel, and the affability he displayed on drinking the captain's health in the state-cabin. That necessary form gone through, Dr. Ambrose departed, and in a roundabout way reached Spitalfields.

During all these days of activity on Melchior's part; the lonely lad Cli had been idly dreaming and speculating as of old. The task set him by his hard, inflexible master had been accomplished, and the notes printed from the finely engraved counterfeit plate were ready for circulation. How far and to what extent the lad was aware of the criminality of his handiwork it would have been impossible to say. As he had said, he knew nothing more of the world, its cares, and its responsibilities than could be found in his dim old prison-home, save in the few walks or drives under Melchior's close espionage. Whatever he knew or dreamt his face never revealed.

Even now, when Melchior entered, dressed in the character of Dr. Ambrose, in neat, well-fitting black clothes and a well-bred physician's smile, set off by an exquisitely made gray-haired wig, he expressed no surprise, save by a rather longer glance than usual and a sad smile.

"Well, how does the wig become me, lad?" asked Melchior with an unctuous laugh, as he laid his gold-headed, doctorly cane upon the table and leant forward in his chair to warm his hands at the fire. "Do I look the doctor—am I smooth, suave, and catish enough, eh? Does 'Draughts as before, pills at bedtime,' shine from my well-powdered forehead, eh? Well, well, the play is nearly ended, Cli, or rather the first act."

"What do you mean?" asked the lad, starting from his revere and rising to poke the fire.

"I mean that the scene changes, Cli. We have played well our part in England, and will now for a while foot it in a more cheerful scene and a softer clime. Ugh! how cold it is! To-night would freeze an alligator. Is it not beautiful? No, do not touch it; let me fasten it in your bosom. There, that is lovely—the finishing touch! Now you are indeed perfect! But, Rose, promise me that when the priest elevates the sacred elements you will kiss my poor flower! Promise me and I shall be happy, knowing that you love me!"

"The bride gave the promise, and fulfilled it! She kissed the fatal flower, and fell dead on the altar-step."

As he finished the last words his voice, which had been only audible to his companion, dropped to a grave whisper, and her ladyship, looking up with a strong expression upon her face, started at the depth of the dark eyes fixed on hers.

"There," he said with a light laugh, "is a romance for you, and a true one. Now, what do you say to my African lily?"

"That it is very awful, and that I should like to have one. It would be delicious to know that one possessed so dreadful a thing."

"Yes; a tiger in the drawing-room or a rattlesnake in my lady's boudoir is nothing to it," said the Chevalier with a laugh. "But is your ladyship serious? Would you really like to have the flower?"

"Yes, really," said Lady Melville, smiling and toying with her white lace handkerchief.

"Well —— Ah, the Duchess has risen. Will you save me a corner on the lounge? I will tell you something more of it."

Lady Melville nodded pleasantly, and joined the other ladies in their retreat, unconscious of the sardonic smile that sat upon the lip of the Chevalier as he watched her stately figure mingling with the rest.

When the gentleman reached the drawing-room the vacant place was there, as her ladyship had promised, and the Chevalier dropped into it.

But he seemed to have forgotten the price at which he had obtained it, and it was not until his beautiful neighbor tapped his arm with her jeweled fan that he awoke from a deep reverie.

"Come," she said, "if you are going to sleep, Chevalier, I shall join Lord Harcourt at whist. Have you forgotten that you were to tell me of that terrible flower?"

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1877.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; answers by mail.

OLD SPORT, Mt. Clemens.—1. Johnny Sweetman was born in County Antrim, Ireland, in 1834, stands 5ft. 7½in. in height, and weighed, in condition, 123lb., and was never beaten in the P. R. He beat Young Dutch Sam at Point Abino, Canada, Nov. 13, 1855, 17 rounds being contested in 20min., and defeated Bill Thompson (the strong man) at the same place Sept. 20, 1856, 24 rounds, occupying 43min. Thompson weighed about 25lb more than Sweetman on the day of milling, and Dutch Sam, whose regular weight was 142lb., scaled 118lb. to Sweetman's 123½lb. 2. Dutch Sam was beaten by Jim Gallagher and J. Drew in England, where he was born in 1838. 3. We have searched our files, but can find no mention of either of the settos to which you refer. 4. Sweetman was the only man in America who defeated Sam. 5. Johnny Mackey was the cleverer of the two, but when in his prime there was no more graceful sparrer than Sweetman. He is said to have bested John Morrissey in a set-to which took place in Sweetman's Sparring School, in Troy, N. Y., three or four days prior to Morrissey's marriage.

TOCCOANNOR, Yonkers.—1. The son of the late Clement L. Valiandigham has prepared such a work, and it can be procured through any first-class publishing-house. We prefer not to answer questions of a libelous nature. 3. There are at least a hundred such works. This question, like the first, can be directly answered by a publishing-house. 4. "The Fool's Revenge," if you mean the play in which Edwin Booth personates Bertuccio, is a dramatization by Tom Taylor of Victor Hugo's "Le Roi S'Amuse," which is also the basis of Verdi's opera of "Rigoletto." 5. If you mean the play of "The Stranger," it is an adaptation by Richard Brinsley Sheridan of Kotzebue's "Menschenhass und Reue" ("Misanthropy and Repentance"), a German play. 6. Refer to No. 2.

AMATEUR MINSTREL, Green Bay.—1. We would not advise you to start a minstrel troupe of fifteen people to perform in small towns, as you would be certain to lose money in these times. 2. It would be cheaper to travel by rail. 3. You would require an advance-agent of experience. 4. Not less than $1,000. 5. From $15 per week and travelling expenses up is the average of a programme-singer's salary. You will have to procure a license in every town. 7. For private reasons. 8. Dave Reed is in this city, Billy Arlington is in the West. 9. Harrigan and Hickey first appeared together in San Francisco, Cal.

C. W. R.—The first battle between Tom Allen and Mike McCool took place June 15, 1860, nine rounds being fought in thirteen minutes, when the ring was broken in by McCool's friends, the referee deciding in Mike's favor upon a claim of foul. Allen instituted suit for the recovery of the money, and the matter was finally settled by a division of the excursion receipts, McCoole receiving $1,232.50, and Allen $1,000. They fought again near Edwardsville, Ill., Sept. 25, 1873, Allen winning 7 rounds, 20 minutes.

T. J. W., Deadwood.—1. We believe there is no regular direct communication between any port in the United States and South Africa, so you would have to go by way of England, unless you happened to find a sailing-vessel to take you from here to Cape Town. 2. The climate is not excessively hot. 3. Gold and diamonds have been discovered there during the past few years. 4. It would be an expensive journey, but it is impossible to give you a definite idea of the cost.

BRILLIODER, Helena.—"Our American Cousin" was being performed in Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., April 14, 1865, and it was during the third act that John Wilkes Booth fired the pistol-shot that killed President Abraham Lincoln. We cannot give the last words spoken upon the stage just before the shot was fired, as the various accounts of the affair are conflicting, especially so far as the actors on the stage were concerned.

A. P. E., Cleveland.—W. F. Hickok of Washington, D. C., writes: "In this week's CLIPPER answer to Cleveland correspondent, you request someone to furnish information concerning Denver, Colorado. Having recently been a resident of the 'Queen City of the Plains,' I submit the following: Estimated population, 25,000; increasing nominally 6, although three are owned and controlled virtually by the same parties, yet having some separate officers."

YOSEMITE, Rondout.—1. Jem Mace's correct time is 2:15. 2. Smuggler's best is 2:15¾. 3. Travelling dramatic companies seldom if ever employ a treasurer to travel with them. A treasurer in a regular theatre must have had previous experience to obtain a situation. You would find it very difficult to procure such a situation. Salary ranges from $25 per week upwards. 5. Harry Jennings, Bowery stage, this city.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.—Jig-dancing for "the championship" is generally an advertising dodge. R. M. Carroll and Tommy Peel danced a match in Wallack's old theatre, on Broadway, near Broome, April 16, 1862, in which Carroll was beaten by Peel. We do not think they ever danced a match in the Bowery Theatre, but they may have been advertised to do so for some benefit.

M. P., Utica.—In 1875 the Turkish navy consisted of about 165 vessels, of which 72 were steamers and 20 ironclads. The Russian navy in the same year consisted of 56 steamers (of which 29 were iron-clads) and 12 sailing-vessels, chiefly transports. Other iron-clads were then in construction by Russia. The present strength of the two navies cannot be easily ascertained.

T. D. McD., Detroit.—1. There are no figures by which to definitely ascertain, at the present time, the relative strength of the leading religious denominations in the United States. There has been no general census since 1870, and much of that was based upon the possible seating-capacity of churches, rather than the actual. 2. That paper is out of print.

SIMMONS, Boston.—1. Larkin and Allison are to be the pitcher and catcher of the Hartfords for 1877. It is not yet decided whether the Hartfords will play in Brooklyn or not. If they do not, Brooklyn will have no really representative team. 3. Devlin has signed with the Louisvilles and Sensenich with the Milwaukee Club. 4. Ferguson is 5ft, and Start 5ft.

CRIBBAGE, Chicago.—1. There is no such thing, unless by special agreement, as counting cards for the second game when the cards are all 1, 2, 3, 4. The player of the last ace counts three. If he held the same cards in hand or crib, there would then be a "double run" (which simply means two successive runs), as it is called, and the sum total would be six.

F. A. R., Portland.—Three tens, a jack and a nine, which is called "thirty-one and nine," count as follows: sequences and six by pairs. 2. A double run can be pegged. For example, in the foregoing hand a triple run, due to the three tens, has been counted. Two tens would have made a double run.

W. O., Springfield.—Cool Burgess was one of the first performers of "Nicodemus Johnson," and claimed to be the originator of the act, but his claim was disputed by another performer (since dead, and whose name we have forgotten), who delineated the same character at the same time.

D. E. McC.—1. The answer is wrong in this sense, that it cannot be said that either scales weighs "light" or "heavy" until the true weight of the animal, which the scales are constructed to weigh, is ascertained. 2. Not that gives "light weight" must weigh "heavy." 2. No answers by mail.

SPORT, Hornellsville.—540 yards is correct. After running 440 yards (the exact time for which distance we have not received, if it was taken) hose was instantly attached to hydrant, and 100 yards additional covered in unreeling 300 feet of hose. 1 22¾ being the time for the full distance.

E. C. E., Dallas.—"Enoch Arden" has been performed hundreds of times in this country, but it was first performed for the first time in England at the Crystal Palace, London, Dec. 14, 1876. We reprinted the review of its production in the London Times in this paper, and there is now little if differed from many of the versions given here.

BONES, Albany.—1. Those papers cannot be had, except possibly by advertising for them. 2. The "Sweeping Ned" played "The Tempest" at several times in Albany from 1858 to 1860. During the latter part of June, 1858, they were announced to go to Albany from the Troy Adelphi.

A. M. K., Philadelphia.—1. J. A. Herne was the husband of the late Helen Western. 2 Charles M. Walcot was born in Boston, Mass., Oct. 7, 1847. 3. We never answer questions concerning the domestic affairs of professionals.

A. W., Louisville.—We cannot tell you Charles Vivian's age. He was born in England. A letter addressed to him in care of this office would reach him. Our advertising rates are 15 cents per line, agate measure, for each insertion.

ONE OF THE BIG TWO.—Billy Edwards fought once only, according to rules of the ring, in England. His opponent was W. Hitchin (Fawcett), and they fought with gloves for a purse, in a room in Manchester, Edwards winning in 1h. 45m.

H. G. B., Joplin.—C had no right to say anything in the game. He was represented by the case, A, and his money was subject to A's play and A's errors. B was not playing both A and C. Besides, had B taken a point or more too few at the outset, as alleged, it was unintentional.

A. B. C.—1. Clowns use a solution of bismuth in rose-water to whiten their faces. 2. Burnt-cork is used to blacken the face. 3. Wood's gymnasium, East Twenty-eighth street, in this city. 4. Any theatrical costumer can supply you with second-hand costumes.

A. B. St. Louis.—After high, low, jack and game have been counted in that order, each one then counts whatever on the game, such as sancho, pedro, bunko, or bernardo, which are severally represented by the highest cards. In other words, two cannot count bunko.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The letter has probably reached him as he would be well known there. The company of the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La., only went on a tour during the re-engagement of the Aimee Opera Troupe, and have now returned there.

STUVE.—Wallack's old theatre, situated on the westerly side of Broadway, corner of Broome street, in this city, during the last few years of its existence was called the Broadway Theatre. John Owens played a long star engagement there.

J. S. B., Franklin.—No answers by mail. 1, 2. In playing upon musical goblets with the hands, no preparation is placed upon them. They are simply moistened with water. 3. Ed. James can supply you. 4. For advertising rates see eighth page.

RAM'S HEAD, Washington.—1. You can settle that question by personal observation. 2. The Jem Allen fight was looked upon as for the championship of the world. 3. No champions in England now. 4. Billy Edwards is the champion light-weight of America.

J. H. B., Dallas.—As the player did not know the limit of the game, it was the duty of the dealer, before he turned for the bet, to inform the player that he was overbetting. The dealer should pay the face of the bet.

The dealer can take and also pay on the seven.

NO SIGNATURE, Indianapolis.—It loses. At the outbreak of the French-Prussian War, Marshal McMahon and Marshal Bazaine each commanded one of seven army corps, but soon afterwards McMahon was made commander-in-chief.

H. F., Lewiston.—As you state the question, it is an even chance for nobody. A loses one dollar at once, and C, while he can get B's four dollars, can lose only the dollar he has paid A. C, which is lost in any event. Probably you mean something else.

IGNORANCE, Muncie.—1. You can obtain it at any drug-store. Use ammonia. 2. Generally, in connection. 4. The stakes were drawn. 5. We do not refer to it as such.

J. KILLORAN, Troy, N. Y.—We have not heard anything about Powers since the notice to which you refer appeared. We presume a letter sent to the address then given will reach him.

OLD READER.—1. They are both living. 2. Marian Fiske is the daughter of Moses W. Fiske, the well-known comedian. Her father is not related to her in any way. 3. She is still living.

J. W., Philadelphia.—Straights have no fixed value. They are, at times, three of a kind in some places, and but two pair in most. Their value should be agreed upon as soon as it is agreed to play them.

S. A. M., New Orleans.—"The Devil's Auction" was first produced at Barnard's Museum, this city, Oct. 3, 1867, and "The Black Crook" was first produced in Niblo's Garden, here, Sept. 12, 1868.

TEN, Boston.—1. Joe Coburn was never matched with Tom King. 2. Coburn entered a ring in Ireland on the day fixed upon for the decision of his first match with Jim Mace, in 1864, the latter not appearing.

P. D. W., Providence.—1. There is practically no such thing as a misdeal at poker. Describe the case you inquire about. 2. When it is agreed to play straight flushes, they will beat everything else.

MCG. B. C., Davenport.—1. A proceeds to play from within the string. 2 The balls remain on the spots, and the striker plays from within the string to those behind a string, or semicircle, as in the first-mentioned case.

FLORA TEMPLE, Brooklyn.—A loses Tom Sayers did not fight with Paddock. The latter received $150 in forfeit from Harry Broome Feb. 20, 1855, and $100 from the same person March 12, following.

R. MARSHALL, Philadelphia.—We have not a copy of the Philadelphia rules to refer to; but in cock-fighting it is customary, when a fowl losses his natural heel, to substitute one made of either wood or iron.

O. S. S., Providence.—We do not think that either has been published in book-form, and we cannot supply a complete set of the copies containing the stories.

H. S. D., Easthampton.—Either direct to the office in London, Eng., or of the Willmer & Rogers News Co., 31 Beekman street, New York.

SCRIBBLER, Albany.—1. No CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1874 to be had. 2. Of W. B. Day & Co., P. O. Box 225, New Haven, Ct. 3. Such books are now out of print.

H. C. R., Norfolk.—1. It is a MS. play, and not for sale. 2. There is no such person; the name was assumed as a trade-mark.

F. R. S., Springfield.—Draw the bet. It is a quibble. The participle "nailed" has various meanings, and does not comprehend the employment of nails alone.

JOHN.—The person you name is an excellent banjoist; but there are many others equally as good, and, in the opinion of many, superior.

S. C. C., Baltimore.—We do not know his address, but you will find the address of several other manufacturers in our advertising columns.

JAMES HOGAN.—There was a vocalist on the variety stage named Virginia Stickney. We have not heard of her lately.

SONGSTRESS, Norristown.—Song-and-dance men and vocalists in variety theatres have to furnish their orchestral parts.

R. E. J., Phila.—1. Both are out on foul hands, having raised their cards. 2. Not having raised his cards, A is entitled to another card.

OLD READER.—Address James Munson, Park row, this city, who is capable of advising you fully as to phonography and stenography.

J. B. R., Keokuk.—We cannot always keep trace of professionals when they are not performing; therefore, it will be impossible for us to decide your bet.

J. T. J., Albany.—We never knew that Billy O'Neil had a brother named Harry who traveled with him in 1860 or 1861.

G. T., Columbus.—1. Address Willmer & Rogers' News Co., 31 Beekman street, this city, who will order it for you 2. The Stadt Theatre is the largest as to seating capacity. It is a matter of opinion which is the finest.

J. C. P., Baltimore.—The ownership is a question of fact, to be determined by evidence. According to your statement, the sled belonged to two members, the club simply using it and keeping it in repair.

DIAMOND.—1. Your opponent can demand that he be allowed to look at the dice you have stock in, but not at any of the others. 2 It is the same at cassino as at seven-up. 3. The Franco-Prussian War began in July, 1870.

M. J. R., Brooklyn.—John Ryan, who acted as second for Allen in the latter's fight with Goss, resides in Cincinnati, O., we believe. Tom Kelly lives in St. Louis, Mo. Letters addressed in our care would doubtless reach them.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago.—There are a hundred or more alleged remedies, but we cannot undertake to recommend any one of them. Any druggist can give you a lotion for which he may willingly be responsible.

CHIRAGE, Philadelphia.—Four threes and a nine count twelve by pairs and twelve more by fifteens. In four cards, any two of which will make a pair, there must necessarily be six pair.

SCHENKEL, Philada.—According to your statement, you were entitled to a run of six. The cards having fallen 3, 4, 7, 5, 2 and 6, the 7 stopped all runs until you had played the 6.

SALT LAKE.—A had a claim upon the pot as far as his twelve dollars would go. Upon the excess he had no claim, that going to the next best hand of those players whose funds were unlimited.

A. C., Elkton.—We believe that five pounds is the lowest denomination of bank-notes issued in England at the present time; but some years ago there were one-pound notes issued by several banks there.

H. F. S., Indianapolis.—The game between the Quicksteps and Chicagos in June ended with a score of 9 to 8 in favor of the Quicksteps; but only four innings were played, and, therefore, it was no game.

ROSS, Cincinnati.—1. Xylophones and bells can be obtained of Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, N. Y. 2 Of P. Ballou's can be addressed care of this office. 3. From $25 per week upwards.

W. P., Camden.—The jack is high card in cutting at euchre; the king at cribbage; and the ace, at seven-up and all-fours. In other words, that card is high in cutting which is also high at the game bout to be played.

GRANITE, Phila.—1. That work is just about due. 2. The answer, as you will see, relates to the political aspect of the question. 1.—for Republicans, *The Tribune*; for Democrats, *The World*.

J. L. P., Louisville.—Emily Soldene is an Englishwoman, and is married; but she retains her maiden name for professional purposes. Her husband is a non-professional, and therefore his name need not be made public.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—The question "Who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness," etc., occurs in a speech delivered by the Duke Aranza to Juliana in the play of "The Honeymoon."

C. C. McP., Emlentown.—We answered you in this department at the time. You can take any that are not copyrighted. When copyrighted, it is so stated when we publish the song.

DECLINED.—"Pretty Little Lu," "Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow," "The Two Joshuas," "The Vender," "The Rooster and the Only One Hand," "Separation."

A BET.—The first international rifle match between marksmen of the United States and Ireland was shot at Creedmoor, L. I., Sept. 25, 1874.

P. L. M., Stoneham.—The attempt to make "strife" rhyme with "time" is prejudicial to the best interests of poetry.

PROF. G., Hopkinsville.—B cannot take the ace and the nine and the five with his ten-spot. The first three cards count fifteen, and not ten.

J. S., Wilkesbarre.—All the balls are not to be spotted, at three-ball billiards, in case one of them has jumped off the table.

JERALDO.—It may or not be a misdeal. As it is a bet that is to be decided, state the case fully, and, above all, state precisely what has been bet by *both* parties.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago.—There are a hundred or more alleged remedies, but we cannot undertake to recommend any one of them. Any druggist can give you a lotion for which he may willingly be responsible.

CHIRAGE, Philadelphia.—Four threes and a nine count twelve by pairs and twelve more by fifteens. In four cards, any two of which will make a pair, there must necessarily be six pair.

SCHENKEL, Philada.—According to your statement, you were entitled to a run of six. The cards having fallen 3, 4, 7, 5, 2 and 6, the 7 stopped all runs *until*

# BOWLING.

## NEW JERSEY VS. NEW YORK.

The long-talked-of came between the Atlantics of Hoboken and Colonians of Williamsburg came off at Kettler's on the night of Jan. 19, and was witnessed by several hundred spectators, among whom were delegates from every club in the Association, all being anxious to see the Jayserman roll. The game was played with eleven men on each side, and regardless of the rules of the Convention, but was pretty lively from start to finish. The Atlantics are champions of Hoboken, having won the "cup" from eleven other clubs last Christmas, and great things were expected of them; but they were out of their atmosphere, and became easy victims to the Colonians. It is due to the visitors to state that Kettler's alleys are twelve feet longer than the Hoboken alleys, and this circumstance made a difference in their play. The Atlantic Club was captained by the Hon. J. Russell, Mayor of Hoboken, who made a fair score; but Hicks of the Mutual B. S. Club and Buck played far below their average. They took their defeat in good grace, and suggested returning the compliment at some future day on the shores of New Jersey. The Columbias were captained by A. Rankin, who set a good example by making the highest score of either team, 188, and was followed by his men with a vim that astonished the visitors. The following is the score:

| COLUMBIA. | | ATLANTIC. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rankin | 188 | J. Russell | 138 |
| Woods | 165 | Hawkins | 106 |
| Moore | 128 | Howard | 100 |
| Smith | 126 | Hicks | 100 |
| Meninger | 124 | Lancaster | 140 |
| Williams | 145 | Griffiths | 155 |
| Kelley | 151 | Sexton | 135 |
| Yeomans | 121 | Hottaling | 114 |
| Stanley | 162 | Buck | 87 |
| Wiley | 174 | Miller | 126 |
| Wright | 139—1623 | Benson | 148—1352 |

THE MUTUALS, who at present hold the championship from last year, are doing their level best in their practice games for their approaching contest with the Nassaus on Thursday evening, Jan. 18, they made some pretty play, as will be seen below, Obernier reaching as high as 215, and the rest of the team playing away above the average. The following score will show for itself:

| GIEHL. | | BEYER. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Giehl | 171 | Beyer | 176 |
| Obernier | 215 | Mahlo | 179 |
| Beigen | 184 | Baum[illegible]artner | 165 |
| Keller | 166 | Heutsheil | 172 |
| Berg | 164 | Fox | 159 |
| Krusher | 184 | Doeringer | 170 |
| Schmidt | 169—1233 | G. Baumgartner | 165—1186 |

THE GERMANIAS.—Although this club has severed its connection with the National Association, they still keep up their organization, and are stronger in membership and playing strength than ever. The club is composed of young business men of Williamsburg, who need all the exercise and benefit derived from bowling, and who are fond of the sport. Among them are some powerful bowlers, who on Wednesday night, Jan. 17, ran up scores ranging from 175 to 230, which is greatly above the average.

ANOTHER PRIZE TOURNAMENT.—The Dion Brothers have inaugurated a tournament which is now in its height, and the prize is a gold badge, with a ten-pin ball in the centre, and the name and date around it. It is a beautiful design. Harry Pike's 266 is the highest number of pins made as yet, and it is more than likely Harry will wear the golden badge.

PACK-SLIP CLUB.—At the regular meeting of this club, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 17, a respectable number of spectators assembled to enjoy the sport of the divided club, six on a side. The alleys are somewhat shorter than those belonging to the Association, and this is one reason why Mr. Holft's side made 954, and the shortness of the alleys caused Mr. Leybold to score 256 in his ten frames.

A CHANCE FOR BOWLERS.—The Empire Club has a five-dollar note hung up in a stocking, to be given away weekly to the player making the greatest number of strikes in a regular game. The bowling for this prize commenced on Jan. 15, and four strikes is the high mark so far.

IN ST. LOUIS, MO., there are at present about forty regularly organized bowling clubs, which shows that the game is growing in favor out West as well as in this section. Many of the clubs have prizes which are held for a specified period by the player making the largest score in a certain length of time, while in others prizes are awarded to persons making the highest average in a month's play. On Jan. 11 Fred Feldman of the Centennial Club made a dozen strikes in succession.

# PEDESTRIANISM.

ELEVEN FAT MEN, weighing between two hundred and three hundred pounds each, were induced by the offer of cash prizes of $10, $8 and $7 to exhibit their Apollo-like proportions and speed in a race of three laps at Gilmore's Garden on Tuesday evening, Jan. 16. The conditions were best two in three heats, and the winner turned up in the person of a 204lb Celt, Dan Reagan by name, who took the first heat in 2:07 and the second in 2:05. William Grole was second, and Patrick Tousey third.

A TWENTY-FIVE-MILE WALK, for a champion medal offered by Fred J. Engelhardt, and open to all amateurs, will take place at the Metropolitan Riding Academy, Third avenue and Sixty-third street, on Saturday next, Jan. 27. Among the entries are C. Connor, E. C. Holske, C. E. McEwen, Leonardson and Cleary, Jack Goulding has the use of his track there, and is prepared to train such amateurs as may desire the services of an experienced professional.

LESTER C. DOLE of Yonkers, N. Y., who has been in England for some time past, has received forfeit in his match with J. Barnes of Camberwell. He intends to walk several matches before his return to America, his special ambition being to tackle Perkins. We fancy he'll have little trouble in getting on with the latter.

WM. PERKINS, the champion walker of England, offers to give any man in the world one minute start in eight miles, for as much as £100 a side, or he will walk anybody up to twenty-one miles, level, for £50 or £100 a side.

C. A. RICHARDSON of Fall River, Mass., is reported to have succeeded in accomplishing the feat of walking fifty hours without rest at Exeter, N. H., finishing at ten o'clock P. M. Jan. 13.

THE VETERAN WALKIST J. Mountjoy, now in the 77th year of his age, offers to walk any man, old or young, from London, Eng., to Edinburgh, Scotland, for £50 a side.

MISS BERTHA VON HILLERN is said to have finished a walk of 88 miles in 26 consecutive hours, at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Jan. 20. She had 12m. 31s. to spare.

GEO. F. AVERY, please send your proper address, that we may forward your letters. The address you sent was incomplete.

# THE RING.

FRANK LIVINGSTON, an equilibristic artist, whose performances have caused wonderment to those who have witnessed them, will be the recipient of a testimonial benefit at Harry Hill's Sporting House on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 25. Sparring by skillful digital performers, wrestling by the Devonshire cracks Browning and Ellis, and the olio entertainment nightly presented by the company at the house, will combine with Mr. Livingston's acts of equilibrium, head-balancing, light and heavy and grotesque feather-weight balancing, to make up an excellent and very full programme. The wind-up will be a passage-at-arms between Kelly and the Mouse.

MIKE GILLESPIE'S show at the Parisian Varieties, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 16, was very largely attended. The following sparred: Dawson and Murphy, Seely and Manning (hot work all through), Mike Cleary and pupil, Steve Taylor and Dan Hickey, Johnson and Sweeny (two lively), Donohue and Young Murphy, Joe Goss and Jim Murray (both showing off to advantage), and the wind-up between Gillespie and Lew Chambers. Charley Devere acted as M. C., and during the evening treated the audience to some very clever tricks with his Italian hound Dexter. Lew Chambers then came forward and challenged Harry Hicken to spar fifteen minutes with the blackened glove, the man making the most clean face-hit to be declared the winner, face-hits only to count. Hicken picked up the gauntlet, and on the 19th a match was made, and $25 a man put up in the hands of Thomas McCarron. They are to spar at the Parisian Varieties on Tuesday evening, Feb. 6.

BILLY EDWARDS and PATSY SHEPPARD gave an exhibition to a full house at Troy, N. H., on Friday evening, Jan. 19. They return thanks to James Fogarty and D. Carroll for favors shown them while in the Green Mountain State.

MIKE CLEARY has opened a horse-shoeing and blacksmithing shop on the corner of South Ninth street and Passyunk avenue, Philadelphia, and intends to hereafter attend strictly to business.

WARNY EDWARDS & CO. have become proprietors of the well-appointed saw-pile-room at 55 West Thirtieth street, between Broadway and Sixth avenue. They will have their "opening" on Saturday evening, Jan. 27.

JOHN LONG AND W. J. GOULD of this city have entered into an agreement to spar with small gloves on the evening of Feb. 5, the contest to last one hour.

JOE GOSS AND STEVE TAYLOR boxed at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, on the afternoon and evening of Jan. 13.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS is expected from England this week. We have a letter for Joe Goss.

# THE TRIGGER.

BOGARDUS VS. DALY.—The pigeon-shooting match for $500, between Capt. A. H. Bogardus, the American champion wing-shot, and Geo. Daly, the recognized crack pigeon-shooter of the State of Nevada, came off at Virginia City on Jan. 7. The conditions were to shoot at fifty single birds each, 26yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, California Gun Club rules to govern. It was a very close affair, Bogardus proving the winner by one bird only, he killing 37 and his opponent 36 birds. At the conclusion of the match the victor gave an exhibition of double-bird shooting, standing between two traps, 40yds. apart, and killing eight pair of birds in succession without a single miss. He subsequently fired at sixty glass-balls thrown into the air by pairs, at a distance of 26yds., and broke 48 of them; time occupied, 5min. 25sec.

BOGARDUS VS. ROBINSON—A DISPUTE.—On Saturday, Jan. 20, Captain A. H. Bogardus and Crittenden Robinson shot a pigeon-match for $500 a side at Oakland Hall, San Francisco, Cal. The terms were: Sixty single birds, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, and 20 double birds, 18 yards rise and 100 yards boundary. Of the single birds Bogardus killed 52 and Robinson 51. The shooting at the double birds then commenced, but on the third pair the match was brought to a sudden termination, owing to Mr. Robinson's refusal to continue shooting, on the ground of unfair ruling on the part of the referee.

SHOOTING MATCH AT VIRGINIA CITY.—A pigeon-shooting match came off at Virginia City, Nev., on Jan. 10, between T. M. Fillebrown of that city and W. D. Gibson of Gold Hill. It was at 21 single birds each for $100 a side, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary. Gibson killed 18 and Fillebrown 20, thus winning the match and money.

COMPANY K, Seventy-first Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., will hold their annual reception at the armory, Thirty-fifth street and Broadway, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 24.

# CURLING.

CURLING AT ST JOHN, N. B.—The annual match between the married and single members of the Thistle Club of St. John, N. B., was played Jan. 13. Two rinks a side, each composed of four players, were engaged, and the benedicts proved victorious by a score of 36 to 28. On the same day the bachelors and benedicts of the St. Andrews Club tried conclusions, three rinks a side, and here the single men made amends for the short-comings of their brethren of the Thistles, as they won by a score of 62 to 55.

THE ST. ANDREWS CURLING CLUB of this city went up the noble Hudson as far as Yonkers, N. Y., on Saturday, Jan. 20, and there engaged in a contest with the Yonkers Club for a Royal Caledonian Club medal. Three rinks were laid out on the ice, and after a struggle of nearly four hours' duration the Yonkers Club won by a score of 32 to 69.

CURLERS belonging respectively to the N. Y. Caledonia and Paterson (N. J.) Clubs engaged in a game at Central Park on Jan. 17, the New-Yorkers winning by a score of 49 to 43. Umpire, G. Green.

AN IMPROMPTU CURLING MATCH took place last week of Rooney's Pond, Paterson, N. J., between two home rinks —the Bostons and Smiths. It was won by the former, the score being 40 to 20.

# THE TURF.

## SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The annual Winter meeting of the South Carolina Jockey Club commenced on Wednesday, Jan. 17, over the old Washington Racecourse. Owing to the unfavorable weather, which was damp and foggy, there was not a large attendance of racegoers, the track being heavy from recent rains. The sport commenced with a dash of one mile, for a purse of $120, all ages, $100 to first and $20 to the second horse. It was won by First Chance, beating Ascot and Abdallah; time, 1:50½. A mile-heat race, for a purse of $150, for all ages, was won by Brown Asteroid, beating Libbie L. The first heat was so closely contested, from start to finish, that the judges decided it a dead heat. The second and third heats were won by Brown Asteroid in 1:53, 1:55. The third race was over hurdles, two miles and eight hurdles, for a purse of $100 to the winner and $20 to the second horse. It was won by Jim Hinton in 4:11, beating his only competitor, Prang. The reduction of the amount of money given in purses and in addition to stakes from that originally announced by the Jockey Club has the effect of reducing the fields of starting horses.

Second Day, Thursday, Jan. 18.—Continued foggy and disagreeable weather caused a falling-off in the number of visitors to the Washington Racecourse, the going being very heavy and holding. The sport commenced with a dash of a mile and a quarter for all ages, for a purse of $120, of which the second horse received $20. Four horses started, and C. W. Medinger's c. h. First Chance proved the winner, beating Ascot (second), Maria Barnes and Rutledge; time, 2:20. Then came the race for the Hampton Stakes for four-year-olds, half forfeit, with $400 added by the Jockey Club, two-mile heats. There were only two entries—Wyche's b. c. Hatteras and Medinger's b. c. Courier. Both started, and Hatteras won in two straight heats; time, 3:50, 3:51. A dash of a mile and a half, for all ages, for a purse of $130, was the third and last race of the day. It was won by Wilson's b. c. Tom O'Neil in 2:47, beating Brown Asteroid (second) and Libbie L. with great ease.

Third Day, Friday, Jan. 19.—The weather was dull and unpleasant, and few people ventured to the course. The first race was a dash of two miles, for a purse of $125, which was won by Wyche's b. c. Hatteras, beating his only opponent, Jack Hinton, in 3:54½. A mile-and a-half dash followed for all ages, for a purse of $120, $20 to second horse, which brought out three entries: Tom O'Neil, First Chance, and Prang. Tom O'Neil won easily in 2:48½, with First Chance second. The track was in better condition for running than on the previous days.

## FATAL SLEIGHING COLLISION.

During last week the splendid sleighing in the vicinity of New York, especially on that favorite drive, St. Nicholas avenue, brought out an immense number of cutters and sleighs of every conceivable shape and size, and the road was jammed to such a degree that driving became dangerous and unsafe. Several collisions and runaways occurred, one of which was attended with fatal results to two well-known and valuable fast road-horses. Mr. Forster Dewey, formerly private secretary to Boss Tweed, was out sleighing on St. Nicholas avenue on Wednesday, Jan. 17, driving his Ethan Allan mare Lizzie. Just as he was passing Lambert's Club-house, at 155th street, he let the old mare out; and, as she was very lightly hitched, she was trotting at a tremendous gait, as may be judged from the fact that she has a 2:31 record on the track. The avenue was crowded ahead, behind, and on both sides the road, and all speeding. Suddenly a horse and cutter pulled out of the line, coming the contrary way to that Mr. Dewey was going, and instantaneously a fearful collision ensued. Mr. Dewey was thrown violently out of his cutter on the road, and one of the shafts of the sleigh with which he had collided pierced the breast of his mare and broke her shoulder. The other party to the collision was Mr. W. H. Harbeck, who was driving his brown horse Windermere, who has a record of 2:29. Mr. Harbeck was also thrown out and badly injured, and the horse was so severely cut that he died in a few hours. His driver says that he was going down the avenue behind a string of teams at a great pace, and seeing, as he supposed, a good place to pass them, he pulled out just in time to hit Mr. Dewey's mare and sleigh. Neither gentleman, however, blames the other for the unfortunate accident. Lizzie was subsequently obliged to be shot; she was valued at $2,500. Windermere was a very promising trotter, and Mr. Harbeck set a very high price on him.

DEATH OF RUTHLESS.—It is with regret that we announce the death of the renowned racer and brood-mare, Miss Ruthless, who in her day was the best and fastest runner on the American turf. She was bred and owned by Francis Morris of this city, and died at his breeding-farm, near Ellicott's Mills, Maryland, in consequence of injuries received by having been shot at and wounded by some unknown person. Ruthless was by imp. Eclipse out of Urbanity by Simoon, and was, consequently, own sister to Remorseless, Relentless, Regardless, and other famous racers. At two years old, in 1866, she won every race she started for except the Saratoga Stakes, her maiden race, in which, owing to a very favorable start, Red Wing, managed by her, won by only half a length. At three years old, in 1867, she won the Travers and Sequel Stakes at Saratoga, and several other races. She was a filly of immense speed, and a wonderful weight-carrier. She was the dam of Battle-axe, by Monday, the winner of the Kentucky Stakes of 1873 at Saratoga.

TROTTING TO SLEIGHS.—A trotting race to sleighs, for a purse of $50, given by the owners of the principal hotels on Jerome avenue, took place on Tuesday, Jan. 16, on the road. The entries were John Murphy's b. g. Charley Green, P. McNamara's b. m. Gipsy, Thomas Walker's b. m. Grocery Girl, and Mr. Van Ostrand's g. g. Orphan Boy. The distance was mile heats, best three in five, from Sibbern's Hotel to Gabe Case's—a straight course on the road. The judges were Messrs. Sheppard Knapp, Ed. Kearney, and Clark Vandewater. Charley Green was the favorite over the field. He gained the confidence of his backers by winning the race in three straight heats, Gipsy being second in every heat. Orphan Boy was withdrawn after the first heat. No time was taken.

SLEIGHING ON HARLEM LANE.—On Friday, Jan. 19, a sleighing race for a silver cup, given by the proprietor of the Point View Hotel, came off on the Harlem lane. The course was mile heats, best three in five, starting from 121st street to the hotel—the finishing point. Five horses entered and started, viz., James Black's b. m. Kitty Heyers, James Delwin's br. g. Rocket, M. Doty's br. m. Emma, Mr. Farrington's b. m. Violet Girl, and P. McNamara's b. m. Rose. Emma won the first heat, Rocket the second, and Kitty Heyers the next three and the race.

NEW RACECOURSE.—A new turf association has been formed at Chico, Cal., to promote the raising and training of thoroughbred horses, and popularize the sports of the running turf in that State. The capital stock of the Association is fixed at $20,000, and the following gentlemen have been elected trustees for the first year: H. Rag, S. L. Daniels, A. Ballard, J. E. Shearer, and A. J. Giffard. A race-track has been surveyed, and a meeting held during the coming season.

ACCIDENT TO LUTETIA H.—The well-known racemare Lutetia H., owned by R. Graham of Charleston, S. C., while being trained for the meeting of the South Carolina Jockey Club, ran away, and, in attempting to jump a fence, became impaled on one of the pickets, and was seriously injured before she could be rescued, her breast being badly lacerated.

AN $8,000 TROTTER.—The wealthy New York brewer Thomas P. Wallace has just made a purchase of the fast 5-year-old chestnut trotting gelding White Stockings. He has a record of 2:24½; but his pedigree is absolutely unknown, except that he was bred in the St. Joseph region of Northwestern Missouri. Price paid, $8,000.

GOLDSMITH MAID IN COURT.—In September, 1875, the Southern Ohio Fair Association offered a purse of $1,000 for an exhibition of speed by Goldsmith Maid over the track at Dayton. The mare was driven by Budd Doble, and made three separate trials of one mile each, the time being 2:20½, 2:24, 2:40½. Such a poor performance from the Queen of the Trotting Turf gave such dissatisfaction that the Southern Ohio Fair Association looked upon it as a sham, and refused to pay Doble the purse; but offered to divide the gate-money receipts with him. He refused to accept this offer, but demanded the entire amount of the purse, and, being refused, sought redress from the Board of Appeals at the Cincinnati meeting last May. The Board decided that an exhibition of speed of such a character as was described was not in any sense a race, and therefore it had no jurisdiction. Defeated by the Board of Appeals, Doble has taken the matter into the State courts, and has brought suit to recover the money which he claims he earned, but did not receive.

KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION STAKES.—Additional entries have been received for the stakes opened by the Kentucky Association, to be run for at the forthcoming Spring meeting at Lexington, Ky., on May. These are Theodore Winters' (of California) bay colt Ralston (in the Phœnix Hotel Stakes, and the sweepstakes for three-year-olds; and the same gentleman's brown filly Mollie McCarthy (winner of the California Oaks last month) in the sweepstakes for four-year-olds. In the Handicap Sweepstakes H. F. Vlassman's bay colt Leamington, 4yrs., is entered; as is also Dion & Wimmer's chestnut colt Buckingham in the Elkhorn Stakes of 1878.

DEATH OF NELL FLAHERTY.—The famous California racemare Nell Flaherty, by Rifleman out of Jennie Hull by Belmont, died at Victoria, British Columbia, on Jan. 6. She was a racer of great speed, and in 1873 ran and won several mile-heat races against Thad Stevens, Thornhill, Irene Harding and others in remarkably fast time.

A HIGH-PRICED TEAM.—Among the hundreds of fast-sleighing teams recently seen on the road, perhaps the highest priced turnout, team, and the one that attracted most attention, was that comprising Crown Prince and Frank Ferguson, the former having been sold for $12,000 and the latter for $18,000, a total of $30,000.

THE BELMONT PARK ASSOCIATION'S buildings, track, grounds, etc., in Lower Merion Township, Montgomery County, Pa., are advertised to be disposed of at sheriff's sale at Norristown, Pa., Feb. 7.

# BILLIARDS.

BREVITIES.—The Deane Brothers, at their room in Brooklyn, offer a ten-dollar gold piece for the highest number of balls pocketed at pool; also other gold pieces for lesser feats at the same game, winding up with a little bit of gold for the player who pockets the balls of the opening shot.

.....Billiards in Cleveland, O., has got down to five cents a game.....John D. Leary, roomkeeper of New Haven, Ct., was in Philadelphia a few days ago, as also was S. M. Nash of Scranton, Pa.....John Bessinger remained but a short time at Izar's room, this city.....John Frawley of Cleveland, O., arrived in this city on the 18th inst., and was to have started in a match on the 21th.....The ninth prize in the tournament which begins at the Hippodrome Billiard Parlor on Jan. 29 is an "sensation stake" of a box of lager bier.....Garnier recently gave an exhibition in Waterbury, Ct., and Adrian Izar has been fingering balls in the Hudson-river towns.....John D. O'Connor has deferred his contemplated match game until such time as he shall arrive at the age of discretion.....After winning sixteen games out of twenty-nine from Sam Knight, for $50 a side, young Frey of Silverbrook, Pa., room has resolved to retire upon his laurels as a fifteen-ball-pool player, and confine himself to "French," which is so much more "artistic."

SHAW VS. STONE.—Louis Shaw has made good his prognostications as to visiting the Southwestern country professionally. On the 11th inst., in Turner's Hall, Galveston, he played George Stone in a "match" announced as being for $200. The twain were introduced by James Moore as scorer, and William Sexton was the referee. There was a fair attendance, one hundred and ninety-seven tickets having been sold. Shaw gave the odds of 50 in 500, and won by 142, his average being 8.33, which is but little above about one-half of his best record in a game of 400 points or more. *The News* of Galveston, says that it was Stone who gave the odds, which is at least improbable. Afterwards Shaw proposed to play even up, also for $200. The game took place in the same hall on the night of Sunday, Jan. 14, and Stone won by 2.5 in 500. The winner's average was 10.30-47, and the loser's 6.19 46. As the table was a 4x9, Shaw is evidently "losing his grip." *The News* of the 16th states that he is reported to have left Galveston for New Orleans.

OBITUARY.—John J. Kirwan died in hospital, this city, on Jan. 15, aged twenty six years. Injury incurred in alighting from a street-car had necessitated amputation of a leg. He and his brother, Daniel had for many years been in the employ of H. W. Collender. About 1871 they became interested in a billiard-room in the vicinity of Yorkville, and about two years ago this interest was transferred to a public-house on the south-west corner of Twelfth street and Third avenue. The deceased had an abundance of animal spirits and good-nature, was a favorite among his fellows, an attendant at St. Ann's Church, and as a Roman Catholic was buried from his late residence, 435 Second avenue, on the 17th inst.....Henry Biddle, a promising Philadelphia amateur, died at Chestnut Hill, that city, a few days ago, aged nineteen years.

GUILLETTE VS. FREY.—On the afternoon of Jan. 18, at the rooms of Louis Guillette & Co., in Vesey street, the first of two games was played between Guillette and George Frey, for $25 a side. The game was the three-ball, 400 points, Louis reciving the odds of 60 points. The room was completely filled with spectators, and Louis won the game by 49 points, making the average of 42. On the following night the same parties met at Silverbrant's, Broadway, and played with almost a similar result, Guillette winning by 79 points, and making an average of 7.25-45. His highest runs were 41 and 38, while the loser's highest run was 48.

THE GALLAGHERS TO THE FRONT.—Thomas J. Gallagher had a namesake in this city. William has not the speed of his Ohio friend, but nevertheless he generally gets out first in a match at billiards. On Thursday night, Jan. 18, William, in connection with Charley Eisman, captain of the Terpsichore Bowling Club, at the Cottage, Harlem. The game was the three-ball, 250 points up, and the stake $50. Eisman was beaten 68 points. There is a diversity of opinion in regard to the average, the gamekeeper asserting that it was not over two, while the victor modestly claims that it was at least four.

JACOB SHAFER.—This expert has withdrawn from Flynn & Mellon's and is now manager of A. J. Newland's, 354 Fourth avenue, where on Jan. 24 he is to begin a series of exhibitions, in which he will give his opponent (Hall) 150 in 800.

SEXTON IN GALVESTON, TEXAS.—William Sexton's promise of paying Galveston a visit has at last been fulfilled. At Turner's Hall, on Jan. 16, he was to have discounted George Stone in game of 500 points up.

AMATEUR TOURNAMENT.—A tournament at billiards, inaugurated on Dec. 23, and which ended Jan. 13, at Stedeker's Centennial Rooms, 384 Third avenue, for money prizes of $100, divided into four parts, the first $50, second $25, third $15 and fourth $10; 100 points, French caroms, resulted as follows:

| | Won. | Lost. | P'ts. | | Won. | Lost. | P'ts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| T. Tobias | 7 | 2 | 9 | A. Newland | 4 | 5 | 9 |
| A. W. Sauer | 7 | 2 | 9 | T. Hansom | 4 | 5 | 9 |
| Henry Riemer | 6 | 3 | 9 | F. Cole | 3 | 6 | 9 |
| A. Twaniga | 4 | 4 | 9 | John W. Brindly | 2 | 7 | 9 |
| F. A. Munsell | 5 | 4 | 9 | H. Newschafer | 2 | 7 | 9 |

A correspondent states that the following were the highest runs: F. Tobias, 71; J. Brindly, 63; A. W. Sauer, 42. The first of these is rather high for an amateur on a 5x10 table; but then the table was one of H. W. Collender's make, on which all the professionals have made their runs of upwards of 192.

"YANK" ADAMS.—This finger-player was to have been the recipient of a benefit at the Brunswick Billiard-hall, Chicago, Jan. 16, prior to his announced departure for New Orleans. Mr. Brunswick, who has also turned finger-player, was to have assisted, along with Albert Hoa, Frank Parker, Peter Snyder, Henry Rhines, and Lon Morris the minstrel-billiardist of Boston, Mass.

A TOURNAMENT IN CINCINNATI.—Philip Tieman advises us, under date of Jan. 16, that he is about to institute a tournament in the city of his adoption. Philip has been instrumental in establishing all the tournaments save one ever held in Cincinnati, and under his management the proposed one should emphasize the success that has attended the others.

WILLIAM GOLDTHWAIT.—This player has vacated Bath, Me., and is now at the Bowdoin House, Brunswick, in the same State. Charles E. Smith, formerly champion of Maine, is at the Tontine House, Brunswick.

# AQUATIC.

TRICKETT AT HOME.—Edward Trickett, the Australian sculler who defeated Joseph Sadler on the Thames in a race for £400 "and the championship of the world," arrived at Sydney, N. S. W., on Nov. 9, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. On the evening of the 15th a benefit was given him at the theatre, when he was presented by Mr. Lazar, the lessee of the theatre, with an elegant silver cup. On the same day that the reception was tendered to Trickett, Michael Rush, who claims that the former has not taken championship of Australia from him, and, consequently, was not a properly qualified representative of the colony when he met Sadler, issued a challenge to row Trickett for the championship, proposing that a prize of £500 be offered, to which he is willing to subscribe £50. Any one who proposes backing Higgins, the claimant of the Thames championship, or whoever else may be adjudged the first sculler of England, be allowed to compete with them, without other than passage expenses, etc. This is a very fair challenge, and doubtless Trickett has considered it favorably, but his answer has not yet been received by us.

A FLOATING BOAT-HOUSE, 80ft. long, 40ft. wide, and about 8ft. high, is about to be erected for the Modoc Rowing Club of St. Louis, Mo., which has just ordered a new four-oared racebost, wherein their best quartette are to win laurels next season. In the centre of the house a space half the width of the structure will be devoted to the purposes of a swimming-bath—a very handy thing to have in a house of this description, surely. The officers of the club are J. A. St. John, president; Wm. Illig, secretary; G. W. Cornwall, treasurer.

R. R. BOYD AND WM. LUMSDEN of the Tyne, in answer to a challenge from John Higgins and Henry Thomas to row Boyd and Bagnall a pair-oared race on the Thames, for £400, in April, say that they will row a match on said water, and for that amount, provided the race comes off in February. They decline to row in April, for the reason that both are entered to row for the challenge cup for scullers in March, and Lumsden is to scull Blackman on the Tyne in April.

NAUTILUS BOAT CLUB.—This club, whose boat-house is on the Harlem River, have elected the following board of officers for the year ensuing: President, Wm. Henry; vice-president, C. Thomas, Jr., D.: recording secretary, William Childs; financial secretary, Richard L. Neville; captain, Wm. Walsh; lieutenant, F. A. Levien; coxswain, James Murphy; trustees—J. F. Gillen, F. A. Levien, P. J. Sweeney and J. D. Bassett. Mr. Childs' address is 39 Ann street.

THE MCKEE BARGE CLUB'S old boat-house, with its contents—several skiffs, fishing-tackle and boat accoutrements—was swept away and destroyed by the ice-gorge which committed such havoc at Pittsburg and elsewhere on Sunday, Jan. 14. The new house, in which were stored the race and pleasure-boats belonging to this prosperous club, escaped the fury of the ice-fiend. The loss sustained amounts to be about $600.

THE BOATHOUSE of the Dartmouth College Navy, at Hanover, N. H., was destroyed during a heavy gale on the night of the 20th inst. The contents, consisting of sheils, gigs, etc., were also lost. The loss is believed to be about $2,000. This accident will seriously hamper the navy this year.

AN IRON FOUR-OARED BOAT is in course of construction for the St. Louis (Mo.) Boat Club. Her dimensions are 30ft. long, 24in. wide, and 10in. deep amidships.


# AMUSEMENTS.

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.**
HOME OF SPECTACLE.
KIRALFY BROTHERS.....Sole Lessees and Managers
MONDAY, JAN. 22.
REPRODUCTION OF THE GREAT ROMANCE,
AROUND THE WORLD
IN
80 DAYS.
With the most brilliant accessories ever presented on any stage.
GRAND CORPS DE BALLET
IN
NOVEL DANCES.
FIVE PREMIERES DANSUESS.
MLLE. ADELE BONI,
MLLE. MAURI,
MLLE. DE ROSA,
MLLE. GAUDAIN,
MONS. ARNOLD KIRALFY.
SEATS SECURED TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE. 1t

**EGYPTIAN HALL,**
34th street and 3d avenue.
THE GREATEST SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.
HOUSE CROWDED TO THE DOORS.
THE LARGEST VARIETY COMPANY
IN AMERICA.
The profession will please understand that this establishment is not the old 34th street theatre, but a large iron building that has been fitted up expressly for a First-class Variety theatre, with large stage and good dressing-rooms, carpeted well, heated and lighted. The performances will always respectable, and we are playing the best people in the country.
Address all communications to J. CHAS. DAVIS,
44-1t Manager.

**SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.**
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
Opera-house, Broadway and Twenty-ninth street.
Immense success and great hit of the new Opera-bouffe music by Offenbach, and never sung before in this country
THE HAPPY MOKE,
with new scenery, brilliant costumes, and a
GORGEOUS JAPANESE MOONLIGHT SCENE.
Received with tremendous applause every evening.
Matinee Saturday at 2. Seats secured. 44-1t*

**HARRY MINER'S**
# LONDON,
**235 AND 237 BOWERY**
(OPPOSITE PRINCE STREET).
OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND.
Artists wishing dates will please address the undersigned.
HARRY MINER,
44 1t Proprietor and Manager.

AN UNUSUAL SUCCESS.
THIRD WEEK AT THE BOWERY THEATRE,
AND SIXTH TO SIXTH TIME OF
**LAURA ALBERTA**
AND
**ALICE A. HARRISON,**
as LOUISE and HENRIETTA, in the Union-square Theatre version of THE
# TWO ORPHANS
(by permission of Messrs. Shook & Palmer.)
Managers of regular theatres wishing to negotiate for the third season of the above artists in these characters, which will be inaugurated on or about Sept. 3, 1877, with a select cast, appropriate mountings, mechanical effects, beautiful scenery, and elaborate costumes, will please address
G. W. HARRISON,
Manager HARRISON'S TWO ORPHAN COMBINATION,
care COL. F. ALLSTON BROWN,
9 WEST FOURTH STREET, New York City.
P. S.—Proprietors of halls or opera-houses wishing to play the above, on sharing terms only during the coming Spring season, will please direct their favors as above. 1t*

**NEW THIRD-AVENUE THEATRE,** Third avenue and Thirtieth street.
Manager.....MR. CHARLES CHEVALIER
Will open for the season with
MONDAY, JAN. 29,
WITH A
DRAMATIC COMPANY
OF UNUSUAL EXCELLENCY.
POPULAR PRICES:
10cts., 20cts., 30cts., and 50cts. 44-1t*

**C. A. BOYD,**
LEADER AND MUSICAL DIRECTOR.
Open for engagements. Address Parkinson House, Washington, D. C. 44-2*

**PERFORMERS**
engaged with the
**AMERICAN CIRCUS**
AND
**MENAGERIE,**
to sail for Havana on Saturday, 27th, in the Steamship City of Merida, will please report themselves in New York as soon as possible, to arrange passports, tickets, etc.
WANTED—A SPANISH CLOWN, or a FRENCH Clown, to speak a little Spanish. Also LADY GYMNASTS and other talent. Send lowest terms by telegraph.
Passages paid BOTH ways.
Address ORRIN BROTHERS,
44-1t 20 East Houston street, New York.


# J. K. EMMET
TO
# J. C. WILLIAMSON.

SIR.—I am glad that you have answered my previous advertisement, as it gives me an opportunity to point out more forcibly to the members of the profession and the play-going public the injury done to stars by those who undertake the rendition of characters in which they have made a hit, and by failing in them bring discredit and loss to the original artist, who strikes out a new line of business.

You say you congratulate me upon my success, but your insincerity is so transparent that the assertion carries its own refutation. Your attempt to play my drama and adoption of the title-role disprove your good intention. Had you made a hit in the part of Fritz, you would have reaped from the piece the harvest which in every sense of fairness is mine. As it is, by failing in the part you brought it into discredit, and seriously injured me by leading managers to believe that the play had nothing in it. Thus, when I came to make arrangements for visiting Australia, I found it impossible to get from managers my usual terms. They could not be brought to believe that there was in the piece, or part of Fritz—as you played it—any inducement for them to risk an outlay or give a certain share of receipts. In fact, had it not been for the presence in London of Mr. Fred Lyster, who knew me well, I not only acquainted with the requirements of Australia and the tastes of its inhabitants, but had a brother in Melbourne (Mr. W. S. Lyster) in a position to give me an opening, I might, by your unwarrantable appearance in the piece, have been shut out altogether. Fortunately, Mr. Fred Lyster saw MY Fritz, and was convinced that its failure in Australia must be owing to the shortcomings of its representative, principally character. As it was, Mr. W. Saurin Lyster, though believing his brother's assertion that there was something in the piece, which you had not developed, refused to engage by your incompetency—secured his expenses out of the receipts; and I thus lost many thousands of dollars by your unwarrantable action.

During the course of a correspondence we had some time ago respecting your assumption of the part, you requested me to settle my rights with Charles Gayler.

Blinded by conceit, you fancied that, because I was successful in "Fritz" and made it a popular characteristic performance, you could share with me in the profit and fame. Like many other people who ignore moral rights to things of value, you fell into the error of believing that success attended as a natural consequence the mere speaking of so many lines; but you found out that there was, and always will be, something in the BUSINESS of "Fritz" which you could only ape. In fact, the fable of the donkey—who leaped upon a lady's lap because he saw a pet dog caressed there, and got well belabored for his pains—applies very well in your case.

As an old reader of THE CLIPPER, you might have known that I had purchased from Mr. Gayler the sole rights to "Fritz;" but supposing you were not aware of the fact, was it professional or right to make a distinction between a moral and legal right? Was it fair that you how you would like me to play an author's version of "Struck Oil?" you then saw the force of my argument and owned my moral rights; but your conscience must have been slightly inflicted, as I need scarcely intimate.

I had "Struck Oil" offered to me in Australia for one hundred dollars, and might have played it in New Zealand, where the play has proved a success, and where there is a large field for the drama in consequence of its Australian reputation.

I was also in treaty to dispose with you for your annexation of my pieces, your friends, even, counseling me to play you at your own game. Nevertheless, I did not forget that two wrongs do not make a right, and, as I abstained; for I considered you had a moral right to it, and my professional reputation will not, I am sure, suffer thereby.

The following extract from a manager's letter will show the extent of injury your appropriation of my piece did me in this country:

"EXTRACT OF LETTER.

"Sir,—your letter to hand, and in the correspondence of Mr. Emmet, with whom we should have been happy to arrange had he paid us a visit before the Williamsons; but as they have used up all his business—at least, so we are informed—we do not feel inclined to do so.

"Manager ....."

Upon my arrival in Melbourne I learned for the first time that you had failed to make "Fritz" anything approaching attractive, and I was strongly advised on all hands not to open in it; for, said they

## LAYING FOR A "SNAP" MANAGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY "COOCH."

Cheese it, Rocks—you'll queer it up;
Hold on 'till we catch "his nibs."
What are you giving me? Can't you let up?
I'll land you one in the ribs.
Wait till we get him stuck on the show,
Give the "old gill" a chance;
Nix till we "take" him out on the road,
Then you'll see how I'll make him dance.

Want a clean collar, Swipes, for a day?
Turn it—it "stays" pretty well.
Wipe off the cork from the back of your ear,
Or he'll think you have charcoal to sell.
Brace up that boot and straighten your tie—
Ouch, you look seedy, old boy.
Pretty rough tramp, eh? Cocky, old pard—
How is the walking from Troy?

"Let up!" All right. "Don't give it away!"
Why, what do you take me for?
Think I'm a Granger just out of the woods,
Come in to enlist for the war?
"Can't raise a bowl?" Why, cert, old boy,
Hav'n't you had any to-day?
That's why you're shaky—take this dime
And get you one over the way.

"Go 'round to Charley's?" Not if I know it;
Nary a nickle for him;
He's all very nice when you're plenty of stamps,
And he thinks he can gather them in.
I shook that place more than a month—
The time I came in with McGee;
We tried to stand him off for a bowl,
And he said it was nix—N. G.

"The middle finger?" I should say he did.
Only think of the money I've spent—
Enough in a year to buy me a ranch—
And now can't get trust for a cent.
I'll tell you a "route"—it's a good one, too—
Hot lunch every morning at ten.
Dutch John's—you'll hit it—now hurry up, Rocks—
We'll meet on this corner again.

"Fix it for you?" Why, of course I will,
And strike him for all I can get.
Never you mind, I never get left—
I'll take him in out of the wet.
Now sherry to "peck," and say, old pard,
Bring me a toothpick or two;
I want to show up a pretty good front,
For they say he's as rich as a Jew.

I wonder what keeps his nibs after the time!
I guess he'll be here after a while.
I must get a new "benjamin" out of him sure,
And the nap is worn off of this "tile."
I think my "dukes" will look well in drab kids;
With this tie they'll be pretty well matched—
But, hold a bit, Quaker, the "bird" has not come,
And you're counting your brood 'fore they're hatched.

## BEAUTEOUS BELLE.

### A Narrative of the St. Nicholas Varieties.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Why it was that I visited the St. Nicholas Varieties on a certain Saturday night, not many months ago, must remain always an unsolved riddle. I am not a regular attendant upon variety performances, nor, indeed, upon any other kind of theatrical entertainment. And this is due, not to conscientious scruples or lack of appreciation of the stage, but chiefly to the fact that my limited income makes it necessary for me to practice rigid economy. I may say that I admire art in whatever form it is presented; and, if my purse permitted, I should go to the theatre nightly, just as I should revel in Meissoniers and Gerromes, and read Shakespeare from the choicest folios extant. I went to the St. Nicholas Varieties, no doubt, acting upon the impulse of the moment. After an unusually laborious day's work I thought, perhaps, that the evening might profitably be devoted to amusement. And therein I made one of the grand mistakes of my life.

The St. Nicholas, I am told, is one of the most attractive variety theatres in this city. The performance on that Saturday evening was certainly capital. Every act had the charm of novelty to my unsophisticated eyes, and I enjoyed them all keenly. But it was the singing of Miss Belle De Felicita—ah, happy text of an unhappy tale—that particularly enraptured me. I use the word enraptured with a nice appreciation of its fitness. With the melody of her voice still echoing in my ears, I can only record the fact that I was thrilled through and through by the beauty of this charming serio-comic vocalist. That is the language in which the playbills announced her. I considered it too tame, by far, after I had seen her and feasted my eyes upon the surpassing loveliness of her face and form. Had the description been left to me, I should have searched out all the rosiest superlatives which the English language affords, and strung them together in alphabetical order, and considered the result, even then, unworthy of the subject. When Miss Belle De Felicita stepped—perhaps I ought to say glided—from behind the wings on that Saturday night, her presence fell upon my senses like a vision of indescribable beauty. I saw, when the first dazzling effect of her sudden appearance had somewhat died away, a face which instantaneously photographed itself upon my mind, never more to be erased. It was an oval face, with features of classic regularity, rich in color, and full of expression. The brow was broad, white and low, the nose straight and small, with nostrils delicately curved, the mouth mobile and suggestive of kisses, with lips ripe and red, closing over teeth like pearls (alas! that no one has ever yet discovered another simile for woman's teeth). The eyes were large, liquid and lustrous, violet-hued, and spoke a language all their own, and the hair was a glorious mass of shimmering gold, set upon the gracefully poised head like a crown. Add to this face a form of perfect outline, a grandly-developed bust, tapering arms of snowy whiteness, dainty feet and pretty ankles, which the short skirt of the dress displayed none too liberally—put this face and form together and envelope both with a witchery of manner which my poor pen cannot reproduce upon paper, and you have Belle De Felicita as I saw her first upon the stage of the St. Nicholas Varieties.

It may occur to the unenraptured reader that my description of this serio-comic vocalist is a trifle overdrawn; but I beg leave to assure him that I am applying the colors to my picture with really a stinting hand. Such a paragon of womankind never before dazzled the eyes of man. That was my firm conviction as I sat gazing upon the De Felicita while she sang, with bird-like sweetness, her choice repertory—I quote again from the playbill—of popular songs. I did not know precisely what she was singing about, but that did not lessen my appreciation of her vocal powers. She referred, if my ears did not deceive me, to a shady dell and a creaking mill, and she told the story of sweet little Maggie somebody, whose last name I didn't catch; and in another of her incomparable ditties she enlarged upon the virtues of a second-mate in the White Star line, whose lot in life I considered blest above all mortals, until I heard her, in response to a second encore, warble her undying affection for a bold soldier-boy. Then my yearning to strangle the sailor grew into a similar desire with respect to the soldier. But, after all, it mattered very little whether I understood the words of the songs or not. It was enough to drink in the melody, to gaze upon the ravishing beauty of the singer, and to feel the sorcery of her eyes and the delicious charm of her presence. Enough, more than enough, for the time, to peace of mind, to know that such a creature as the De Felicita existed.

After that eventful Saturday night, when my destiny, as I believed, had been revealed to me, I became a regular patron of the St. Nicholas Varieties. And I grieve to add that in all other respects I became exceedingly irregular. Now, a young man filling the position I then had the honor to fill—that of a salesman in a Sixth-avenue gentlemen's furnishing-store—has no right to fall into ways of irregularity. He cannot afford to do so on a salary of twelve dollars a week. Prior to my first visit to the St. Nicholas Varieties, I had been a shining example for all unmarried men. My being moved in its circumscribed orbit with the precision of hands on the dial of a clock. I arose in the morning at a fixed hour, partook of my breakfast at a given minute, and reached the store at punctually the same moment in the east. I never was late at dinner, never absent from a meal, paid my board as surely as Saturday brought corned-beef-and-cabbage, and was altogether a model of propriety and regularity. Mrs. Tompkins, my landlady, regarded me with motherly interest, only to dislike for the reason for surprising appetite. All the other boarders spoke of me in terms of highest praise, and my employer had given material proof of his appreciation of my services by increasing my wages from ten to twelve dollars a week.

I record these things not because of egotism, but to show that I was at least a respected and respectable young man before I saw the De Felicita. When my eyes had once rested upon that divinely beautiful woman, peace departed from my soul and regularity from my life.

Because, as I have said, a regular attendant at the St. Nicholas Varieties. This alone involved an outlay of three dollars a week; for I invariably sat in the dress-circle, a privilege for which I paid fifty cents without a murmur. Moreover, as the distance from the St. Nicholas Varieties to East Twentieth street, where my boarding-house was located, is not easily traveled on foot, I was put to the additional expense of two car-fare, which, added to the admission fees, made up the very considerable sum of three dollars and sixty cents weekly. After I had satisfied Mrs. Tompkins' claim for board, and paid my tribute to the shrine of De Felicita, I had left but one dollar and forty cents as the result of my six days' labor. And yet I was content to go without my lunch-hunches, and to smoke, in choice Havana cigars for twenty-five cents," and to deprive myself of needed sleep, and to imperil my health by loss of appetite, and to wear one shirt two weeks to economize on my washing-bill—content, I say, to undergo all this that I might sit, for a few golden minutes each night, and feast my eyes upon the charms of Belle De Felicita! I ought perhaps to explain that my duties at the furnishing-goods store—emporium it was called—detained me only to eight o'clock in the evening, so that I was able until reach the St. Nicholas Varieties before the De Felicita's appearance.

I will not burden the readers of THE CLIPPER with a detailed account of the hopes, the fears, the desires, the longings, the fierce conflicts and the overmastering, all-absorbing emotions which raged in my breast during those memorable days. I felt that I have no longer any business in life except that which was drawn from the bright eyes and bewitching smiles of my beauteous Belle. That was the manner in which I used to speak of her to myself, and the graceful alliteration pleased me exceedingly. I bought her photograph and carried it about in my breast-pocket, and found a world of satisfaction in gazing upon the fair countenance. I must confess that I showed this picture to one or two of my most intimate friends, and hinted pretty strongly that it was presented to me by the original herself. A passion so consuming as mine naturally craved more substantial fuel than a mere photograph, or even a nightly glimpse of the idol; and I began, before so long, with a longing unutterable, to meet the De Felicita and make known to her the depth of my absorbing love. How to accomplish this was a problem which long perplexed me. The manner in which I finally solved it forms, perhaps, the only excuse for this bit of biography.

I was looking over the columns of *The Dramatic Mirror* one day, which I had taken to reading most studiously since my attachment for the De Felicita began (another item of expense, amounting to ten cents a week). I was lost in reflection over *The Mirror*, I repeat, and scanning the lines attentively for any reference to my idol, when my eye was attracted by a notice in the advertising columns, which read as follows:

Dramas, sketches, songs, poetry of every description, lectures, speeches, essays, etc., written to order on reasonable terms. Apply to William C. McFeeters, No. 2,314 Bleecker street, New York. Ring bell No. 4.

Now, I have already intimated that I am naturally a lover of art. I may add that I am also an ardent admirer o. poetry. From the first night that the De Felicita had thrown about me her fascinating meshes my soul had thrilled with poetry, and I had envied, above all things, the power to put my glowing thoughts into metrical language. I had ideas enough, and I could think of rhymes in abundance, but the metre was what troubled me. Here, however, was a key to the lock which barred the door between me and my beauteous Belle. I would call upon this Mr. McFeeters, engage him to write a love-song to the De Felicita, sign my own initials to it, and print it in *The Dramatic Mirror*! Then, after her glorious eyes had read the passionate strain, I would send her a letter begging the favor of her acquaintance, and subscribe myself "the author of the poem 'Beauteous Belle.'" That should be its title, I determined, and I would make it—or at least make McFeeters make it—as dainty as Aldrich, as rhythmic as Poe, and as amorous as Swinburne. Of course the De Felicita would grant an interview to such an admirer, and then—ah, well, then I could make known my love and learn my fate.

The very next day, having obtained a three hours' leave of absence from the store, I called at No. 2,314 Bleecker street. Following the advertisement's instruction, I rang Bell No. 4, and was conducted by a greasy-looking servant-girl to the third-story back room, where I found Mr. McFeeters engaged in making his toilet. It occurred to me that, for an abode of the Muses, Mr. McFeeters' quarters were painfully humble. There was no carpet upon the floor, and the furniture had a battered, broken-down appearance, which was perhaps in keeping with the appearance of Mr. McFeeters himself. That gentleman, as I have said, was engaged in making his toilet, and in the absence of his coat and vest I could not fail to notice, with the instincts of my calling, that his linen was in a very sad condition. A piece of white paper, cut into the shape of a shirt-bosom, was lying upon the bureau, and I also observed a pair of socks very ragged and so full of holes that it was puzzling to determine which had been originally designed to admit the foot. Despite his surroundings, however, I found Mr. McFeeters very much of a gentleman.

"Take a seat, sir," he said when I had made known the object of my visit. And, perceiving that I hesitated to occupy the only chair in the room, he sat down himself upon the edge of the table, by way of encouragement. "So you want some verses dedicated to Miss Belle De Felicita?" he remarked pleasantly.

"Yes, sir." said I. "Something in your best vein."

"About how many did you want?" inquired Mr. McFeeters, bracing his knee against his two hands, and regarding me with much the same interest as I was wont to regard a purchaser of a cravat.

"Well," I answered, a little undecided, "I don't care so much about the quantity as I do the quality. "What—what are your terms for poetry?"

This inquiry will not seem impertinent when it is remembered that my weekly surplus of money amounted to one dollar and forty cents.

"Ordinarily," answered Mr. McFeeters, "I charge one dollar for the first stanza, and fifty cents for each subsequent stanza. These rates, however, are subject to some variations. Where the theme is a suggestive one, and the subject is not difficult to rhyme, I offer extra inducements; on the other hand, where there isn't any poetry in the idea, where the word is puzzling to rhyme, I am obliged to make the price higher."

"But there is a world of poetry in the idea of Belle De Felicita," I said with enthusiasm.

"Yes," rejoined Mr McFeeters; "the idea is well enough, although not strikingly new. The chief trouble will be in the name—Felicita is a bad name to rhyme. Still, I think I can spin you something that will answer the purpose. Suppose we make it twelve stanzas."

"That will be too many, Mr. McFeeters," I interrupted, rapidly figuring out in my mind the sum which twelve stanzas would amount to.

"I will give you the twelve for five dollars," said Mr. McFeeters persuasively. "Four lines to the stanza, four feet to the line—double rhymes, if you want 'em, and warranted smooth verse."

"No," I said decisively. "I want something brief—not more than three or four verses—something exquisite, but short."

"All right," answered the accommodating McFeeters. "I will get you up four stanzas for two dollars. When do you want them?"

"As soon as possible," said I.

"You shall have them to-morrow. I've got a little obituary notice to write up, and an essay to finish, and then I'll set about your job."

I suggested to Mr. McFeeters that I should like to have the verses entitled "Beauteous Belle," and, promising to call on the morrow, took my departure.

On the following day I again rang Bell No. 4 at the Bleecker-street tenement-house, and was shown to Mr. McFeeters' room. I had drawn two dollars on my week's wages, and was prepared, therefore, to pay for my poetic investment. Mr. McFeeters had finished his work, and, while I was forced to confess that it was not precisely in the strain of either Aldrich, Poe or Swinburne, I was still tolerably well satisfied with the result. Here are the verses just as I received them from Mr. McFeeters' ready pen:

BEAUTEOUS BELLE.
ADMIRINGLY DEDICATED TO MISS BELLE DE FELICITA.

O thou fairest of the fair!
Who shall ever hope to tell
All the winning graces are
Of the witching, beauteous Belle?
Who shall hope or dare to trace
All the lines of loveliness?
Who the glances all the face,
Fitly can its charm express?
Never yet hath any bird
Sung with sweetness like to thine;
Never melody hath stirred
Rapture in this soul of mine!
Now I count my fortune blest
Since you hold me in your spell;
Since I find a rich bequest
In the sight of beauteous Belle!

In the very next issue of *The Dramatic Mirror* I had the supreme satisfaction of beholding these verses in print, and with the initials of my name attached. I waited a day or two in order that the De Felicita might have abundant opportunity to familiarize herself with the compliment in those lines and with the letters affixed, and then I addressed her a note, beseeching her to grant me an interview. This epistle I signed "The Author of 'Beauteous Belle,'" and, while I am unable to recall the exact language in which it was worded, I knew it was very glowing and impassioned. I awaited in a state of feverish expectation for a reply to my letter. It came in the course of three or four days, inclosed in a pink envelope, odorous with musk and reading as follows:

DEAR SIR.—Received your kind Noat yesterday. was very much Pleased with the Poetry in D. M. A friend of mine Told me what was Into it furst, and then I red it and thort it real nice and a Good advertizment for my Biz, to. I shall be glad to see you anny time you feel like. My house which is No. — Bond st. yours, BELLE DE FELICITA.

I reproduce this remarkable specimen of epistolary composition precisely as it was written. I will not attempt to tell how many times I read it over, nor describe the conflicting emotions with which I studied the cramped chirography and puzzled over the original orthography. What mattered it to me whether "note" was spelled with an "a," and "pleased" without one? Were not the words traced by the hand of my beloved idol? And was not that enough to compensate for "into" with a capital "I," and for "biz," whatever it might mean?

It was with a trembling hand that I rang the bell at No — Bond street on the day following the receipt of the De Felicita's letter. Somewhat nervously I inquired of the girl who answered my summons whether Miss Belle De Felicita was in.

"Which, sir?" inquired the girl, evidently mystified.

"Miss Belle De Felicita," I repeated.

"There haint no sich person here, sir," said the young woman with decision.

I pulled out the number over the door with a puzzled expression on my face. And just then a voice at the top of the first flight of stairs demanded:

"Who does he want to see?"

"He's askin' fur a Miss Felicity!" responded the servant, "and I was tellin' him there haint no sich person here."

The voice came back somewhat sharply:

"Show him in, you stupid! It's Mary that he wants to see!"

The girl thereupon invited me to "step into the parlor," which I did accordingly. Then she withdrew, and I sat down upon a skeleton-like sofa, whose ribs stood out with painful prominence, to await the coming of my charmer. Five minutes, perhaps, elapsed, and then the door opened and she glided into the room. Yes, it was she, my beauteous Belle! It was she, albeit the golden hair was missing and the peachy freshness of her face was gone. It was she in spite of the slovenly slippers and the soiled gown and the freckles upon her nose. I knew, I felt, that it was she; and I knew that I should have felt happy beyond expression if it had been somebody else.

"Miss De Felicita," I said, rising to my feet and extending my hand, "I cannot make known to you the profound pleasure which this meeting gives me. I have long admired you upon the stage, and the honor of your personal acquaintance is something which I could hardly hope to fall to my lot."

She smiled as she was wont to smile upon the stage, and told me to be seated. So I resumed my place on the ribs of the sofa.

"You're the feller that made that poetry in *The Mirror*, are you?" she said, eyeing me somewhat curiously.

"I am the author of 'Beauteous Belle,'" I replied with a slight twinge of conscience.

"It was awful nice!" exclaimed the young lady.

"But I fear it did not do justice to the subject," I ventured to remark. "So glorious a theme deserved the inspired pen of another Byron."

"What's the fake yer givin' me?" inquired my heart's idol.

"The—the what?" I asked, completely puzzled.

She laughed outright.

"I guess yer aint fly, are you?"

I told her that I guessed I wasn't, whereat she laughed again. Then followed an awkward silence. I felt that my idol was shattered—hopelessly shattered. In the presence of my beauteous Belle I found no difficulty in reconciling the missive I had received with its author. It seemed perfectly consistent that this young woman should spell "note" with an "a," and "any" with two "n's." In the clear light of the day I beheld the fair creature of my fancy transformed into grosser clay than my own. And yet, with the glamour gone from my eyes, I felt it incumbent upon me to say something.

"You have a remarkably sweet voice," I began—"a voice which is only surpassed by your personal attractions."

"Then tell me I'm no snide," she remarked complacently. I did not endeavor to interpret this observation.

"Your beauty must have won for you many ardent admirers?" said I.

"Yes; I have mashed a good many swells," rejoined she redirectively.

It was becoming painfully evident that this conversation could not be continued much longer. When, therefore, I heard a man's voice in the hall without calling "Mary, Mary," it was with a sense of relief that I saw my beauteous Belle glide out of the room in response to the summons. A minute or two later she returned, in company with a flashily-attired man, who borrowed an unnatural brilliancy from the cluster of Parisian diamonds on his shirt-front. Scanning his features more closely, I recognized the face of Monsieur Scipio, whose marvelous feats with cannon balls I had often beheld on the stage of the St. Nicholas Varieties.

"This is my husband—Mr. McCafferty, who does the cannon-ball biz. Tommy, this is the feller that made the poetry about me in *The Mirror* last week. He haint told me his name yet."

Nor did I ever tell it. I bowed to Mr. McCafferty with chilling politeness; I bowed likewise to Mrs. McCafferty; and then I went forth from that Bond-street house with an overpowering consciousness of my own asininity.

Yet even now I draw some solace from the remembrance that it was McFeeters, and not I, who dedicated a poem to beauteous Mary McCafferty.

THE MATERNAL RECITATION of Rev. Mrs. Phoebe Hanaford are of a more extended nature than usually fall to the lot of mothers. First she ordained her son to the Universalist ministry, and lately the reverend lady has had the satisfaction of administering the marriage rite to her daughter.

## PAULINE'S LOVERS.

Pauline had her troubles.

"Pauline," Eugene said gently, "you were riding with Mr. Eastman yesterday."

"You are quite right," she replied defiantly.

"Darling, I ask you not to go about with him."

"Am I not to go out with anyone but those to whom you extend your royal favor? You have begun dictating a little too early, sir."

"O Pauline! you know I never intended to dictate. But Mr. Eastman isn't a man with whom any woman ought to be on friendly terms."

"Don't insinuate. Say you are jealous at once."

"Jealous of him! I wouldn't insult you so. But he isn't a fit associate. Ask Lucia."

"Lucia, indeed! I don't choose to go to any man's sister for instructions."

"But, dear, listen to me. You can't know Eastman as I do—as we all do. It isn't for myself that I am speaking. I wish you would trust me this once. Promise me."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing. I shall ride with Mr. Eastman when I please. He isn't too busy to sometimes give me a breath of fresh air."

"Then I must insist," he continued gravely.

"Then I shall deny your right. I will not be treated like a child. If it has come to that, we had better separate."

"Pauline, my darling, think of what you are saying. I'm sure I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. If you were my sister I should feel that I must say this."

"I am not your sister, fortunately. I shall never be anything else to you than I am now. There is your ring," she added, wrenching it off her hand. "I will not wear it any longer."

"Do you mean this, Pauline? Reflect upon what you are saying," he appealed sorrowfully.

"Will you go?" she cried, stamping her foot.

"Yes," he said quietly.

She stood quite still where he left her till she heard the hall-door shut behind him. Then the evil spirit departed from her. With a cry she ran out to the steps. He had turned the corner of the street and was out of sight.

"He will come again and then—he shall know that I am sorry."

The ring lay where she had dropped it. She put it on, and then went and tried to busy herself about her work.

You will think her very bad-tempered and silly, this pretty Pauline Elmore. But she was not. She was engaged to Eugene Stoddard, and looked for him in vain all day yesterday.

To-day when he had come she wanted to drive, and he had told her that he was too busy to spare the time. At which she had been irritated and annoyed, and the scene just described had followed.

She really needed her drive. She was fatigued with her work, and had been fancying what refreshment there would be in an hour or two out of sight of it.

Eastman had gone out to display his fast horse and the pretty face beside him. She was half frightened all the while they were out, being timid at the speed at which she was being driven. She did not like the man, though she knew nothing about him.

Miss Elmore had a gift in the use of the brush, and she was studying to make the most of it. She might some day have to depend on her art for bread and butter.

She was staying with a friend, and under her escort was seeing more of the world than ever before in her life. And she had met Eugene Stoddard, and they had fallen in love with each other, and were going to be married when he should be firmly established in business.

But he did not come the next day, nor for many days after that. He went out of the house with only a shock of pain in his great, loving heart. But after a while he began to get angry thinking of the words she had spoken. For three days pride kept him away. After that circumstances took the case in hand.

For two days Miss Elmore kept the house persistently, lest he might come and she should miss him. On the second day she lost her temper again, locked up his ring, and declared that she did not care if he never came.

Then the next day, the very day that Eugene Stoddard had almost made up his mind to bury his anger and hurt pride, she went out again to drive with Eastman. It was worse than before. The man was gentlemanly enough, but before she reached home she had made up her mind to drop George Eastman as soon as she decently could. And just as that conclusion was arrived at she saw Stoddard coming down the street with Kate Birch. His eyes were fixed on her face. It was a very pretty face prettier than Pauline's even, and she was smiling back at him in anything but an indifferent way.

Miss Elmore turned to her companion, and, as they passed Stoddard, Miss Birch was listening to him with a flush and sparkle of most intent interest.

Stoddard, with his hat grasped in his hand, acknowledged his greeting with a cold little bow. Eastman, of course, comprehended the case. It was quite in his line of business. And when they met again that evening at a sociable, which they all attended, he was doubly attentive.

Poor Pauline! She was overwhelmed with him set after set; she promenaded with him. She called out a guy good-night to him after she and Mrs. Howard were in the carriage, because Stoddard stood on the steps glowering. He had not spoken to Miss Elmore all the evening long. She had given him no opportunity all the afternoon. She would not have approached him without a first word from him, if her life had depended upon it.

One day she was startled by the appearance of Horace Dare at her rooms. He held up a great of ficial envelope as reason for his coming.

"Mrs. Marsh sent me with this. I think she fancied that the department had immediate business with you."

"Only a returned letter," she said.

Miss Elmore tore open the wrapper carelessly.

There lay her epistle to Eugene Stoddard, misdirected after all.

A little flash of warmth ran through her heart.

Perhaps now the chapter of blunders was at an end. Holding the letter still between her fingers, Dare's next words struck her like a blow.

"Do I look like a wedding guest? Because I've just come from a marriage."

Of course she asked who were the principals.

"Eugene Stoddard and Kate Birch. But I can't tell you what the bride wore—Miss Elmore, are you ill?"

"Yes," she said, with unsteady lips. "That is, I'm faint a little. Open the windows, please."

He stood by her, fanning her silently till the color came back in her face. Then he left and in ten minutes was back again.

"I have a carriage at the door. You must go home now," he said, and she did not oppose him.

Nothing mattered very much, only to get out of the light and be alone.

Mrs. Marsh came upstairs after her. She was lying on her bed with her face upon the pillows. When her friend came in she sat up with tossed hair and ghastly face.

"It is nothing, Laura, nothing that you can help. I blundered, and now I'm paying for it. I suppose it comes into everyone's life somewhere. If you'll just let me have out my lamentations in peace and quiet, I will come down to breakfast to-morrow in my right mind."

Mrs. Marsh went away and left her. But she took counsel with herself. And the end of it was that just ten days afterwards Miss Elmore was established at a seaside resort where there was plenty of sand and sky and water, and not too much of the human element.

She was not at all surprised three days after to meet Horace Dare when she came down to breakfast. He was pacing the hall, looking as if he was not quite certain of his reception. The girl was full of pity for the man and woman's recklessness. She liked Dare better than most men. There was every worldly thing to be gained by taking him as a lover, and nothing to be risked. There was a degree of unconscious desperation in her heart. Why should she choose a lonely, care-filled future when the sunny side of life might be had for the taking? Horace Dare was a prize for which several young women were willing to smile their sweetest.

Miss Elmore had not made many acquaintances. She was too quiet, too self-contained. She did not dance; she had not flirted. She was dressed in mourning, which did not admit of toilets, and she was utterly careless about her complexion. So she was passed over. But, now that Horace Dare had come, all that was changed. Miss Elmore rather wondered in her own mind that she had dared treat with such want of deference a man to whom all other women paid such tribute of smiles and flattering attention. She had never guessed in her quiet life that he was so much the centre of the circles in which he moved. And to find all this laid at her feet was, to say the least, gratifying.

Pauline was a very sweet girl—fond of dress and attention, of course, but with a soul that had room in it for more. She had some sharp lessons in her life, and was steadied by them unconsciously. Perhaps that very self-poise gave her the charm that kept Dare at her side in spite of her careless blindness to his claims on admiration. This particular bit of beach was more fashionable and more thronged than ever before. Mrs. Marsh, having brought her charge here for rest and quiet, rather doubted if she should attain her purpose. But into Pauline's face came something of the old light and life that had bloomed there when she first met Eugene Stoddard.

One night, when the violins were thrilling in the hotel ball-room and the monotone of the sea murmuring without, Miss Elmore made her first appearance among the dancers. Not many noticed her coming. She was with Mrs. Marsh, dressed only in white, her half-mourning permitting nothing else, and was simply pretty. But Dare saw her, escaped from the dowager who held him, and in half an hour it was settled that Miss Elmore was not to lack for attention any more while she stayed in the house. That, however, was not all Dare's doing. Gerald Roberts had been making a bet with various other men. None of them had a particularly high opinion of feminine truthfulness or independence of character.

"Here's Roberts. He knows from his own experience that one never meets in these places a woman who would not sell herself for an establishment."

Roberts did not speak. In his heart he half believed what had been said. If he was not thoroughly a cynic he was not because any pains had been spared on his education in that direction. They were all wealthy men—matrimonial prizes. The talk went on; various things were said. At last someone made a bright suggestion.

"Roberts, you are the best-looking and the wealthiest man among us. I will lay anything you please that there is not a girl here who would not accept you in a fortnight."

"That is too cold-hearted. I cannot do that. I believe, though, that we can make the most unpopular woman here the rage among other women in a week."

"To whom do you refer?" asked one.

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"Pauline Elmore? Who is she? I do not know her."

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They then went up into the ball-room in search of her, and arrived just as Dare had presented himself at her side.

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Then he watched her for five minutes, laying out the plan of his campaign.

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"Is the woman an idiot?" he thought.

While the words were still in his mind he saw her yawning behind her fan. He walked her back into the house after that, half disposed to give up his attempt, and own that it was too much for him. He had not counted on paying such cost for conquest. But half an hour after he saw her talking to Horace Dare again, and she did not look either bored or sleepy. Whereupon he determined to make her talk to him or perish in the struggle. But he wisely let her alone that night. The next morning she was in a corner of the verandah with her work-basket—not that she ever did much, but needle and thread was an excuse for dreams. She sat there bareheaded, heedless of the brown the sea-wind was giving her. He must have seen her there a half-dozen mornings without taking special notice. This morning he went up to her and asked her to drive with him. Her first impulse was to refuse. She glanced up into his face to speak the negative, and instead said yes. They rode half a mile in absolute silence.

"Miss Elmore," he said slowly, "I bored you dreadfully last night. I wish you would talk today."

"And 'bore you dreadfully?' No, thank you!"

"You don't deny it, I see. But there are things you care for. I saw you talking to Horace Dare last night, and you did not look weary."

"Mr. Dare and I are old friends," she said demurely.

He gave her a long look.

"But I think you might be a little gracious," he went on plaintively. "I've wanted to know you for so long."

She laughed with an accent that brought the blood into her cheeks. No man liked to be caught in a falsehood less than Gerald Roberts.

"You don't believe me?"

"No; candidly speaking, I don't. I have been here ten days, and until last night I do not think you knew that I existed.

Had someone been telling tales? The suspicion gave him a very prickly and uncomfortable sensation.

"Miss Elmore!" he ejaculated, just because he could think of nothing else to say.

"Mr. Roberts," she exclaimed, "There, don't be shocked. It's the last bit of truth I'll tell you to-day. Do you know how many roses Miss Jones had in her hair last night? Nine. I counted them."

He had nothing to comment on for the rest of his drive. She gave him talk enough—bright, spicy, and with as little wisdom in it as any woman's ever had. He put her down at the door in full view of the eleven-o'clock promenaders, with a little less satisfied opinion of himself than usual.

Somebody portly and commanding and fifty years old met her on the steps. Miss Elmore greeted him with the familiarity of long acquaintance. He was a man much distinguished in literary and social spheres. That settled Miss Elmore's standing beyond question. If Dr. Gray and his wife "knew" her, and Horace Dare spent a half hour of time in conversation with her, and Gerald Roberts rode and promenaded with her, she must, of course, be worth knowing. It had all come about in some twenty-four hours, the small happenings that made Miss Elmore as much of a power as she had before been a nonentity. She rather caught her breath at the change in her station. It did not turn her head. She was as cool as ever, apparently as indifferent and self-absorbed. But she enjoyed it all in her calm way. And then in a day or two it began to be whispered about that Miss Elmore was something remarkable of herself, did things with cause or marble—indeed, was rather confused on that point—quite beyond the common powers. Being already the fashion, it only increased her popularity. It might have told against her in some position of affairs. By that time the clique of heroic gentlemen who had moved Gerald Roberts to make her acquaintance had also declared her worthy support. Miss Elmore was undeniably the "rage," but just as undeniably Gerald Roberts had very little to do with the event. By that time Gerald Roberts found himself in a frame of mind which did not permit him to abandon his new interest. He had come to Pauline with persistent determination that Dare withdrew in dignified displeasure. She understood the case better than Roberts supposed. She had not seen much of the world, but she had been common-sense. Mr. Roberts had fancied her fresh, and he was trying his hand at flirtation. Miss Elmore did not meet his six with a half-dozen it would not be because she was deceived by any belief in his sincerity.

"Polly, Polly," Mrs. Marsh moaned, "I never thought it would come to this."

"Don't you like it, dear? I do. I shall have my hours of misery and go. There isn't any danger."

"Danger of what? I never thought of any."

"You arch conspirator. You have been plotting for Horace Dare all these weeks, I suppose? If ever he should ask his question ——. Well, no matter. I'm not sentimental."

The elder woman took on the girl's face, something that made Mrs. Marsh uneasy.

"You know best, I suppose, Pauline, but I wish we had never come here."

"Don't trouble, Laura. I'll go away when you wish. Are you really vexed with me?"

"No; you are all sunshine—only, Pauline, be careful—Mr. Roberts."

Miss Elmore only laughed and went down to the parlors, where she found plenty to say and to hear. She was piquant, unconventional, and with a kind of pale beauty that had its fascinations. The women wondered at her, and admired at last, for if she had not been so popular with the men. The men wondered, too, a little, and liked her unconditionally. And there was Gerald Roberts playing his best cards to win her opinion. He was so much in earnest that he forgot himself and his irresistible rights to success. Something stirred in his heart that all his life before had never wakened. Unconsciously to herself, Miss Elmore dropped her mocking ways. She never knew what influence she, the only woman who had ever met him with anything but shallow coquetry, had on him all the years that came afterwards.

She was not at all surprised three days after to meet Horace Dare when she came down to breakfast. He was pacing the hall, looking as if he was not quite certain of his reception. The girl was full of pity for the man and woman's recklessness. She liked Dare better than most men. There was every worldly thing to be gained by taking him as a lover, and nothing to be risked. There was a degree of unconscious desperation in her heart. Why should she choose a lonely, care-filled future when the sunny side of life might be had for the taking? Horace Dare was a prize for which several young women were willing to smile their sweetest.

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## LITTLE ABBIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. TOM MICHIE, NEWPORT, KY.

Poor little feeties, tired to-day,
From your toddling and your play;
Come, my darling, come to rest—
Here is your mamma's breast.
Your little mind has loads of care,
Follo wing grandma everywhere,
Chasing Frank, or else the tabby—
Not a moment's rest for Abbie.

Shut your blue eyes from the light,
Mamma'll kiss them sweet good-night;
On the pillow lay your head—
Angels watch around thy bed.
Where's your dolly? In its chair.
"It'll tetch told!" You want it there?
Well, there it is; there's your babbie,
Going to sleep with Mamma Abbie.

What will papa bring his baby?
I don't know. Peanuts? Maybe.
At the dark you'll not take fright—
Hug your dolly; now good-night.
A kiss for papa! and one for me!
Turn up the light. "You tan't see!"
Now your'e fozing. Hsh! there's Willie, Rabbie—
No way's bad man, you can't have Abbie.

Sleep at last—so ends the day;
A little time at least from play.
From your cares and from your troubles,
That seem to us as little bubbles.
We're all on'y boys and girls of age,
E'en from childhood to old age.
Good-night, sweet one; you are happy—
God bless my husband and my babby.

WILLIE ST. CLAIR.

## JOHN WEYBRIDGE THE SPORTING COLLEGIAN;
OR,
## FINDING HIS LEVEL.

John Weybridge of Gresham College, Cambridge, was a man with whom, as his tutor, I had as little communication as tutor and undergraduate could well have, even in a small college; but in the end I was fated to know something more of him. which, it seems to me, as bearing upon a considerable social question, it is worth while to tell. He had been brought up like other young men of the upper middle class, and enjoyed all their educational advantages. He had been at more schools, indeed—and very expensive ones—than it is usual for young men to go to, on account of the difficulty that was experienced in what may be called his acclimatization. When he was at home he passed his holidays in the stable; but that is nothing. Weybridge's nature inclined yet a step downwards. He was "horsey" only to a limited extent; his moderate means probably conduced to this; but from the top of his bullet-head to the sole of his backsliding feet he was "doggy." His playthings as a child must have been bullpups, and as he grew older he only discarded them for the full-grown animals. I think I see the young fellow now: a well-built man, broad in the shoulders, low in the forehead, thick in the neck, tight as to his legs—altogether, what is called by physiologists "a fine animal"—and with a bulldog attached to each of his heels. They sometimes also attached themselves to other people's heels, or wherever they could lay hold of them. His college-cap was always battered; he broke it over his knee when it was new—a sort of act of defiance of collegiate authority, as knights used to break their swords in sign that they owed no longer fealty; only this young lord had never known what fealty was. In his mouth was a short pipe, which it was the one business of his life to "color;" and it is fair to say that he succeeded in it. It is said, and justly, that it is well for all young people when they evince any particular taste, when they have a pursuit of their own—what in a lady's case is called "an object in life"—and John Weybridge possessed this. He was ardently attached to the art of self-defense. In this respect he was born behind his time, which is allowed to be a great misfortune. Nobody under the rank of a peer can now indulge in cock-fighting (even then there are murmurs against him), and it is almost as bad to patronize the prize-ring. There were professors of that noble science still at Cambridge; but, of course, without university endowment. Indeed, the academical authorities looked very much askance at them; and, it must be allowed, that the few ministers of this ancient superstition who yet lingered amongst us were not calculated to please the academic eye. Broad in the shoulders, in the forehead "villainous low," thick in the neck—in fact, except that they wanted the fustian and corduroys, and wore billycock-hats, they were, every man-jack of them, Weybridges. One of the most ridiculous notions that were ever entertained was that it was unnatural for this poor fellow to consort with them, and a proceeding which demanded pains and penalties. It might just as well have been represented to the common duck that it was not to join other ducks or paddle about in dirty water. For my own part, I pitied the young man whenever I saw him in my lecture-room (which was not often), and should have thought it very cruel to put him "on" in Tuydides or Euripides. He looked so very much out of his element.

The only classical literature he ever studied was "Boxiana, or the Oracle of the Ring," an Homeric record of great English battles, which I believe came out at that time in monthly numbers (but quite independent of the periodicals published by the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge). It was from this great work, I fancy, that he derived his notions of spelling; since in a written reply to a question respecting the Digamma, he spelt it thus: "Die gamer," and seems to have attributed to it some sort of heroic significance. I do not deny that he possessed information; but it was of so peculiar a kind that, in all the wide range of subjects selected for our present competitive examinations, I doubt if it would have gained him a single mark. He knew the least and greatest number of rounds by which Dutch Sam had gained his victories, and also how much Molyneux (a black boxer, I believe) weighed—down to an ounce—before each encounter.

As to the modern heroes of the ring, he was (very literally) hand-and-glove with them, and had, when an undergraduate, the honor of entertaining "the Tipton Slasher" for a week, when on a professional visit to the Eastern counties.

Of course I only acquired this knowledge of Mr. Weybridge's mode of life from hearsay; but I did get some practical corroboration of it from a complaint that was made to me officially by his college bedmaker, and which I believe to be unique it its way. She found a difficulty in cleaning his apartment from the fact that he had had it laid down with turf instead of a carpet, for the greater convenience of his "set-to" or sparring-matches. If poor John Weybridge had been a man of acres, this method of furnishing might have been set down to eccentricity in a "landed" direction, and, therefore, one not altogether to be reprobated; and at all events his mode of life would not have injured his material interests; but, as matters were, it enabled a good deal more money than he could afford. His little fortune—doubtless with the best intentions—had been largely trenched upon with the view of giving him a good education; it had been squandered in the futile attempt of making a silk-purse out of a sow's ear; wherein all that had been taught to read and write and chalk up a score upon a board, his guardian might have set him up in a public-house in a grassy neighborhood, and felt that he had done his duty by him. It is true he could only read and write and cipher, as it was; but the attempt to teach him other things had been as costly as though it had succeeded, while it had also given him habits of extravagance. I have reason to believe that this young gentleman spent almost all his slender patrimony during his university career, and had nothing to show for it beyond half-a-dozen genuine bull-terriers, and one doubtful St. Bernard. There never was a more clear or a more literal case of a man's going to the dogs. To be sure, he had secured the friendship of the Tipton Slasher, and one or two other eminent members of the Prize Ring; but it was doubtful whether the bond between them was strong enough to bear the pressure of adversity. If he had had a public-house settled upon him, as I have suggested, they would have stuck to him, and he would have had his friends around him from first to last. But, as it was, poor John Weybridge, Esq., became as friendless as he was penniless, and eventually "went under," and was heard of no more.

The memory of him alone remained, and still smelt and blossomed in several university circles where the ferret and the badger are held in as high honor as the crocodile and the Brahma bull among the natives of the East. For, to do him justice, the man was honest after his kind, and would have made an incorruptible stud-groom of a racing-stable, or as a publican would have sold his beer as it came from the brewer; and, indeed, I may say generally of doggy-men that they are, upon the whole, less given to deceive than horsey-men; perhaps from the absence of the necessary acuteness. Besides being honest, he was brave, or at all events possessed that attribute of evil omen to him, so far as his educational career was concerned, called "pluck."

I remember an adventure of his which put his courage beyond question, and at the same time illustrated the close connection that existed between him and the canine race. There was a certain granary in Cambridge so infested with rats that for some times they had made the place almost useless for the purpose for which it was designed; but just as Whittington found his cats a mine of wealth by sending them to a foreign market, so did the proprietor of this establishment derive advantage from his rats at the hands of some very exceptional customers. Mr. Weybridge, and some young friends of similar tastes, purchased at a high price the rights of sporting over the granary-floors, and the rats were allowed to have their fill, like pheasants in a preserve, in return for the amusement they afforded.

On one occasion a battle had been arranged for, the principal apartment had been "baited" with a fine supply of grain, the rats had fallen to, and then the holes of egress had been stopped up. It was computed that about six hundred rats were indulging a false confidence, and getting too fat to live in Mr. Miller's granary. Mr. John Weybridge was not altogether, it seems, deficient in imagination; for, picturing in his mind's eye this charming scene, and himself in the middle of it, the temptation of anticipating the treat which should have been by rights reserved for self and friends proved too great for him; he resolved to enter upon the adventure alone—save for the company of his favorite black-and-tan terrier, Jacko. It was a selfish as well as an ambitious act, and, like Julius Cæsar, grievously did our hero suffer for it. Waking, no doubt, from heavenly dreams of gigantic rats and "varmint" dogs, he took his seat early in the morning of the proposed battle to the scene of action, opened the granary-door, let himself and Jacko in, and turned the key behind him. He had a handy bludgeon, and Jacko had (at that time) his teeth, and these were all their weapons. So soon as the two allies appeared, the six hundred scuttled away to their holes, and found them stopped; then they turned round (prated), stood at bay, and finally attacked their assailants. Their motto was no longer "Suave qui peut," but "Death to tyrants."

Mr. John Weybridge used to describe the attack of the rats as little inferior in audacity to the Balaklava Charge, which, by a curious coincidence, consisted, it will be remembered, of the same number of assailants. They flew at him and Jacko, tooth and claw, and both man and dog must have felt that their work was cut out before them. With the second blow of his bludgeon Mr. John Weybridge killed Jacko. Under ordinary circumstances he would have thought considerably less of killing a human fellow-creature—such as a "Bargee"—and the sad mischance for the moment overwhelmed him. Even at that supreme moment, with the angry rats holding on to him everywhere, and climbing up him in all directions, like flies, a pathetic thought passed through his mind. He knew that the dog was dead (for he never hit anything twice), and he resolved to have him stuffed. He did not know at that time how small was the chance of his ever being able to pay that last sad tribute to his faithful companion's memory; but after ten minutes of

* I remember a somewhat similar case, where a very unpopular young gentleman, having left his rooms for a day, found them turned into a vegetable garden—two feet deep of earth planted with onions; but then he had given no orders to that effect.

hot combat, during which he laid about him like a Paladin, and with all the fury of revenge, he began to fear that his foes were very literally "too many for him," and, fighting as he fled, he retreated to the door, but the key, which, in his desire for solitary slaughter, he had turned, was rusty, and refused to move, and, in his desperate efforts to release himself, broke in the lock. It seemed that nothing remained for him but to sell his life as dearly as he could, and that that granary would prove his grave. He still fought on, but his war-cry was now "Help, help!" which he uttered with every blow he struck. He was bitten in a hundred places; his clothes hung on him like rags, and the rats hung on him too; some of them about his very ears. It was scarcely possible to imagine a more terrible death than seemed to await him. Many men would have succumbed to the very horror of their position, independently of the loss of blood, which would have exhausted a less powerful frame; but John Weybridge stuck to his work like the rats themselves, and was eventually rescued—only just in time. Some early risers, hearing his cries, broke in the door, and found him half dead, though fighting still, with his dead dog beside him, but not—no, "not the six hundred." He had killed about a third of them, and the other four hundred would have certainly killed him but for that timely aid. It was the only occasion on which he was ever known to confess that he had had enough of rats.

It was nearly ten years after John Weybridge had left college, and three generations of undergraduates had almost swept the recollection of him from my mind, before I set eyes on him again. He had quitted Cambridge without a degree—in fact, had made no efforts to obtain one—and every Gresham man had lost sight and sound of him, when I came upon the poor fellow in a wholly unexpected yet very commonplace fashion. I was bound one afternoon for Cambridge from London, but had the misfortune to miss my train at the Great Eastern Station; it was then called Shoreditch, and a very unattractive spot it was, especially as regarded its refreshment-room; indeed, I think it had none, or I could otherwise have hardly gone elsewhere, in such a neighborhood, in search of a midday meal, which I certainly did. I found a rather large and tolerably clean coffee-house hard by, and, walking into the public room, sat down and ordered a mutton-chop. The man who took the order was a head waiter of the ordinary type—consequential, grave, and evidently with a weight upon his mind like a bishop who is thinking of throwing up his temporalities for conscience' sake; but the man who brought the chop was John Weybridge. I felt sure of this at once, though his white tie and black attire gave him the appearance of a sporting undertaker, and the napkin on his arm suggested an infant funeral job; broad as ever in the shoulders, low in the forehead, thick in the neck—I looked down quite naturally at his heels for the brace of bulldogs. They were not there, of course; but I still kept my eyes upon the carpet from motives of delicacy. I thought it would be very painful to him that I should seem to recognize him, and I was casting about in my mind as to what I should say, and how I should perhaps be able to give him some little assistance in his fallen fortunes; for, being a Gresham man—though I could hardly be called him an old pupil—he had obviously a claim upon me. To my surprise and relief, he was, however, the first to speak.

"I hope I see you well, Mr. Dactyl."

"Quite well, Mr. Weybridge. And you?"

"Never better, sir. Indeed, I may say, never so well."

There was so much significance in his tone that I knew at once that he was referring to the suitability of his present mode of life; so I had no hesitation in referring to it.

"I am sorry things have not gone well with you, in a material point of view."

"Well—thank you, Mr. Dactyl—but I am not sure that I myself am sorry. The work here is hard at times, but not always, and one enjoys one's holidays all the better—as I have heard you say—when one has work to do. The neighborhood is very lively" [I knew he meant "sporting"], "and there are some good fellows with whom I feel quite at home. We have our Sunday out, and the half-holiday movement is a great boon to us. And then, except in businesshours, one needn't put on any company manners, which, of course, is a great comfort."

I could not help smiling at this; for, to say the truth, he had never greatly inconvenienced himself in that way. He understood what my face meant at once.

"Ah, sir," said he, "you don't know what it is to feel like a fish out of water, as I did all my life until my money was gone, and I found myself in my proper position. I can enjoy myself now in my own way without bringing discredit on anybody. Of course I regret the money that has been thrown away upon my Greek and stuff—you remember, I dare say?"

"Yes, my dear Mr. Weybridge," said I, smiling, "and also your difficulty about the Persians with their variegated trousers—as to which word in the original stood for that famous people, and which for their garments—I am afraid we didn't do you much good at Gresham."

"Well, sir, to speak frankly, not one halfpennyworth. I wasted my substance in hard words and soft living; but there, the fight is over, and the sponge is thrown up. Let us say no more about it."

There was a manliness about him that went home to one's heart far more than any complaining would have done.

"If you are in want of any material assistance, Mr. Weybridge," said I, "I hope you will allow your old college-tutor——"

"Nay, nay, nay," interrupted he quickly. "You are very kind, but I need nothing of that sort. I have enough for my requirements, and even keep a couple of dogs" (he pronounced the word "dawgs," as he always used to do) "that I will back against any two in Christendom. If I could have foreseen this meeting, I would have kept you a terrier pup——Coming, sir, coming." This last remark was in answer to a cry of "Waiter!" from a distant table, which I perceived he treated in quite a professional way—that is, instead of waiting, he was the cause of waiting in other people.

"Well," said I, rising from my seat, "though you refuse to let me be of any material service, Mr. Weybridge, there must be something, surely, that I can do for you. Can I send you any books?"

"Oh, dear, no," answered he pretty quickly. "I have had quite enough of *them. The Sporting Times* of a Sunday is as much as I can get through with in the way of literature. But there *is* something; I *do* miss the old Gresham Audit ale, and that's a fact. If you would send me half a dozen by Saturday," cried I, "or my name is not Decimus Dactyl." And so, with a hearty hand-shake, tutor and pupil parted. I sent him his ale, of course; and he replied in a few words of thanks, the spirit of which excused the spelling. I have never set eyes on him from that day to this; but the memory of our last meeting abides with me. I see him now, waving his napkin in sign of farewell, and, though his thoughts were on my going away, crying "Coming, coming," to the other man—a picture that had its pathetic as well as humorous side.

I have seen scores of men at college since who remind me of John Weybridge, and who certainly had no more business there than he.—*London Belgravia.*

## SHE HIT IT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I wrote my love a letter,
And in it thus said I:
"For one sweet kiss from thy lips
I'd lay me down and die;
I'd lay me down and die, my love,
For one sweet little kiss,
And deem it a proud privilege
To close mine eyes in bliss."

And she, so cool and practical,
Thus wrote she in reply:
"I see you write about a kiss,
And lying down to die;
Bathe in hot water, love, your feet,
Crushed ice put to your head,
And then a mild cathartic take—
And go right straight to bed."

J. H. B.

A SHOWMAN'S SPEECH.—This, ladies and gentlemen, is the porcupig—the animal which resides in the East Indies. He is remarkable for his shooting, which he does with his prickers, or quills, which stick out of his body in every direction. For, to do him justice, he never fires unless he is attacked by his enemies with his quills, and thus saves his life. The porcupig is a singular beast. He is fond of keeping hisself to hisself, and depends upon his sagacity for a livelihood. He has two small eyes, as is observable, and he has four feet; with the one he watches his victim, and with the other he runs away with him. He is said to be of a bad disposition; but I know him well, and he is very amiable. It is true he is not fond of society—but he is a foreigner, and don't understand our language. If you could only see him eat meal, you would be convinced of his sweet temper. John, stir him up. Ladies, look out for the quills.

TEMPERATURE IN NEW YORK DURING 1876.—The range of temperature during the past year has been 101 degrees, as against 98 in 1875. On that day the mercury read 2 degrees below zero, and the hottest 99 degrees above, July 9. The average difference between the maximum and the minimum temperature in the several months is small, and recorded 54 degrees in March and 35 in August. The mean temperature for the year, 51 degrees, is but seven-tenths of a degree less than the mean given for New York, covering over 100 years' observations. Compared with 1875, the mean temperature of 1876 is shown to have been 2.1 degrees warmer. During the year rain or snow fell on 147 days; and rain or snow fell on 142 days during the year 1875.

LOSS OF LIFE ON RAILROADS.—Timid people who still regard the railway as a dangerous mode of locomotion may derive some courage from a comparison recently made between the deaths due to railways and those connected with horse conveyances in Great Britain during the year 1874—the last year for which a report has been made. The total of deaths ascribed to all kinds of railway accidents was 1,249, and to horse conveyances 1,528. Ordinary street traffic thus appears to have been much more fatal. This comparison is for an unusually bad year for the railways. Two very fatal accidents occurred. The average showing of a number of years would doubtless appear much better for the iron horse.

A VICTIM OF PANTALOONS.—Mrs. Doda Emens, M. D., physician and surgeon, recently lectured at Syracuse "to women only," and when she was about half through the shrill alarm was given: "Man in the room!" and Mrs. Mary Walker, M. D., was clutched by the indignant females and bounced out of the room and down-stairs, with her hat jammed down over her eyes, and her silk hammer and tripod from collar to bustle. The Doctor picked herself up and called a hack, and as she climbed in she was heard to remark: "Another victim of circumstantial evidence."

ACCORDING to the Domesday Book of Ireland, the total acreage of that isle aggregates 20,819, 947 acres, of which 527,761 are covered by water. The total owners make a return of 20,159,678 acres, within 32,936 of the whole extent of the land. The total number of owners, great and small, is given at 68,758, and the total valuation of the land returned at £13,419,288. Many contrasts of fortune are readily discernible in the returns; for instance, the land of the Marquis of Lansdowne is valued at 16 shillings per acre, while that of a small holder, T. Kearney, is not worth 1½ pence per acre.

CHANGE OF HABIT IN SWALLOWS.—It is stated by M. Pouchet that the window-swallows in France have entirely changed their method of building their nests within the last forty years. Formerly the nest was in the form of a section of a sphere, with a circular entrance, concealed in the corner of a window. At the present time the nest is oblong and open at the top. Formerly the young could only re-enter the nest one by one; now they can all go in together.

## AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. III.

## THE MAN OF THE DREAM.

### AN INCIDENT OF THE BURNING OF THE RICHMOND THEATRE.

The late burning of the Brooklyn Theatre has recalled to mind an incident connected with the similar fate of that of Richmond, Va., in 1811, and which I have often heard related by a venerable lady who was at that time a young girl, and the sister of one of the victims.

On the 26th December (the day of the fire) there was a brilliant dinner-party at "The Hermitage," the elegant seat of Mrs. Abigail Mayo, some miles from Richmond. Among the guests were Major James Gibbon and lady; his son, Lieut. James Gibbon of the navy; and Miss Sallie Conyers of Williamsburg—the latter a guest of Major Gibbon's family, and betrothed to his son, Lieut. James Gibbon.

This young couple were at this time objects of extreme interest and admiration in the brilliant and distinguished Richmond society. Lieut. Gibbon was twenty-four years of age, a gallant and handsome young officer, and Miss Conyers was a distinguished belle, celebrated for her beauty, grace and wit. Independent of these, she was remarkable for a charm of manner and expression which fascinated all who approached her, young and old alike. She had been only a few days engaged to Lieut. Gibbon, and it was remarked that a young couple had been seldom known more distinguished for beauty, wit, and amiability, or more favored by gifts of fortune than were these two.

Lieut. Gibbon had not accompanied his family to the dinner-party, a circumstance which had rather piqued Miss Conyers, especially as he gave what seemed a flimsy and insufficient excuse for remaining at home. But the truth was that the young officer had that morning received orders to join his ship within three days, for a cruise to the Mediterranean; and it was necessary that he should make immediate and rather hurried preparations for his departure. He resolved to say nothing about the matter to his mother or Miss Conyers until their return in the evening, thus considerately thinking to spare their feelings.

Returning home from his business, young Gibbon found that he would have time to ride out to Mrs. Mayo's in season for dinner, and he accordingly proceeded thither. Miss Conyers received him coldly, and to pique him pretended to flirt with Col. Hamilton, then the British Consul, who was one of her most devoted admirers. A young lady with whom Gibbon was intimate (Miss Maria Mayo, afterwards the wife of Gen. Winfield Scott) playfully rallied him upon looking so downcast; when his mother, seated by, observed laughingly that James' seriousness was owing to a *dream* which he had had some days previously. The company insisted upon hearing the dream, which Mrs. Gibbon thereupon proceeded to relate. It was a very simple dream in itself—only that James had seen a man standing at the foot of his bed gazing steadfastly at him, and pointing his outstretched arm at him in a warning or threatening manner; but this dream had been repeated three times, and had left upon the young man's spirit an impression of horror which he said "no words could describe," and which astonished even himself. He could not get rid of it; something terrible, he had said to his mother, seemed dogging his steps every night, and a confused horror, of the nature of which he could form no conception, and wheresoever he went that man's face seemed to haunt him. At length, accompanying his mother and Miss Conyers to the theatre, someone had whispered to him:

"Look at the man opposite—how he stares at Miss Conyers."

Turning, the young officer had fixed his eyes upon the man in question, and the two had for fully a moment gazed steadily at each other, when Gibbon, turning to his mother, whispered:

"My God, mother, *that* is the man I saw in my dream!"

This was what Mrs. Gibbon now laughingly related of what she called "James' sailor-like superstition." But the incident, though lightly treated at the time, was often afterwards recalled and remembered for a life-time by every one of that company who had heard it.

The dinner-party broke up earlier than usual, every one of those present having agreed to attend the theatre that evening. There was at this time a fine company at the Richmond, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Placide, and Mr. and Mrs. Poe (the latter parents of the poet Edgar A. Poe). The play was to be "Macbeth"—a part in which Mr. Placide was distinguished, as was the beautiful Mrs. Green in that of Lady Macbeth—and all the public were eager to witness the performance.

Miss Conyers, on arriving at home, was proceeding directly to her apartment, in order to make her toilet for the theatre, when Lieut. Gibbon requested to see her in the library. He there informed her of the order he had received to rejoin his ship, and begged her to remain at home with him this evening. Why the young lady should have refused to do so we may not conjecture, unless it was from pure waywardness; though she did give as an excuse that she had promised Colonel Hamilton to accompany him to the play. When she made her appearance, attired for the theatre, she presented a vision of grace and loveliness which was remembered for years by all who saw her on that fatal evening. She wore (being in mourning) a light-gray or dove-colored silk trimmed with black lace, with jet-and-gold ornaments, and white roses in her hair. Her exquisite arms and shoulders—which her hands—which were models of perfection—"looked," said a gentleman of that time, "as if cut in alabaster." But few words passed between herself and her betrothed as she left the house in company with a large and gay party, and Lieut. Gibbon remained at home with his father, observing to his mother that, howsoever she might laugh at him, he really dreaded going to the theatre and again seeing *"that man,"* and that she could not wonder at the strange impression more than he himself did. At any rate, he would not go to the theatre *that night.*

It was nearly eleven o'clock, when the young officer, seeming to become strangely restless and uneasy, observed to his father that he would walk out into the street for a few minutes. He was seen directing his steps towards the theatre, about ten minutes before the alarm of "Fire!" resounded through the street and around the whole city. It was then that the theatre was on fire. Those who first gathered on the spot, on hearing the alarm, saw a frantic crowd surging through the only doorway, tearing and trampling upon one another; and saw the form of Lieut. James Gibbon madly fighting against this surging mass as he forced his way into the burning building, from every window of which now issued volumes of dense smoke and flame.

That was the last ever seen of the gallant young officer in life. What followed him into the dark tomb, or even conjecture what there transpired? But when, on the following day, the charred and blackened bodies of the victims were uncovered, there were found beneath the great staircase two skeletons, firmly locked in each other's arms, and which were identified by the uniform and the jet-and-gold ornaments as those of the hapless lovers—Lieut. James Gibbon and the lovely Sallie Conyers.

On the scene of this horrible tragedy, wherein about seventy persons of the most distinguished families in Virginia perished, was subsequently erected a church, in the portico of which stands a marble monument, inscribed with the names of those who perished in the fire. Among them may be read:

Miss Sallie Conyers,
Lieut. James Gibbon, U. S. N. (in endeavoring to save Miss Conyers.)

What part might have been played in that terrible fiery tragedy by "the man" of the dream, who may say or conjecture? The names of both ladies witnessed in the agony of the closing scene kept their secret inviolate, and the mystery of the dream was never revealed.

In a long poem of unusual merit, written on this tragical event by one of Virginia's most talented sons, the fate of these lovers was thus alluded to:

And radiant Conyers, peerless in her charms,
Clasped close within her lover's manly arms.
O gallant Gibbon!

Well may the lily-like fancy thee thy fate.
Her snowy arms around thy neck entwine—
Her latest breath, her latest kiss, were thine;
And from that fiery grasp of love
Your spirits passed to Eden-realms above.

There is, I believe, no portrait of Miss Conyers

*It is a whim of the human memory to be unreliable as to details; and as the authoress of the foregoing interesting sketch is by marriage related to the Gibbon family, who at the time of the calamity resided in Monroe Ward, Richmond, Va., we would respectfully beg to complete her records by a correction and a query. The tragedy of "Macbeth" was not "up" that night, though, as the late George Frederick Cooke should have been playing there about then, it may have been announced, with him in the title-role. Had Cooke not disappointed the Richmond managers, the theatre would have closed for the season two weeks previously, on Dec. 26. That was announced as the last week, notwithstanding the coldest day was the long wait for Cooke. The Placide whom the authoress states was to personate Macbeth was Alexander, the father of Henry and Thomas. He was a beautiful dancer, a meritorious gymnast, a graceful rope-dancer, but never a tragedian. He died in the following year. Mr. and Mrs. Poe were not then of the company. Mr. Poe made his stage début in another, but possibly to defective memory, and which was widely disseminated after the late Brooklyn fire. It is that the grandfather of Miss Kate Clarke was in the company at the Richmond Theatre on the night it was burned. The Rev. Spencer Houghton Cone, as he was better known from 1815-16, when he was chaplain to Congress, and Rev. Dr. Cone, as he died in the city, was not at the Richmond Theatre then. There is no Cone in the cast; we do not know that he ever used a *nom de theatre*, and "Miss Clarke" was the name of a family of actors known to us. It may be added that Mr. Cone adopted the stage by the advice of an Episcopal Bishop, he being himself a Baptist. For several years he was the only native actor of any mark on the American stage, and in 1812 he abandoned it at the instance of the lady who in 1813 became his wife. He had meanwhile played chiefly in Baltimore, Alexandria and Philadelphia, in which latter city he made his début in 1805. The managers of the Richmond Theatre were Messrs. Twaits, Alexander Placide, and William Green. We have records also of all in the play that night save Mr. Rose, Mr. Hanna, Mr. West, Mr. and Mrs. Utt, Mr. and Mrs. Clark (all of whom are probably dead), and the Miss Placide who described the horrible. She was probably Caroline, who afterwards became Mrs. Waring, and is now the widow of William Rufus Blake. The Miss Thomas who sang, and also acted in the pantomime, became the wife of Mr. Thomas Hilson, and died in Philadelphia, about twenty-five years ago. She was the mother of Charles Burke the dead comedian, and, marrying Joseph Jefferson the younger, became the mother of Joseph Jefferson, and of Cornelia Jefferson, retired actress, and of Joseph Jefferson, now playing abroad. Concerning Mrs. Utt, while having at hand nothing authentic, we cannot dismiss the impression that she was in some way related to or connected with the Poes. The father of Edgar Poe (whose double Christian name of Edgar Allan came from his being adopted, after the death of both his parents, by John Allan, a wealthy citizen of Richmond) was both a soldier and a lawyer, but abandoned the latter profession for that of the stage after marrying Miss Elizabeth Arnold, a beautiful actress from Covent-garden, London. Both died within a short time of each other, leaving three children, Edgar, the second of the three, having been born in January, 1811, while his parents were in Baltimore, Md.; and there he died Oct. 7, 1849. The full cast of the bill at the Richmond Theatre, Dec. 26, 1811, follows:

LAST WEEK OF PERFORMANCE THIS SEASON.
MR. PLACIDE'S BENEFIT
will certainly take place on
THURSDAY NEXT,

when will be presented an entire new play, translated from the French of Didurot by a gentleman of this city, called

THE FATHER, Or FAMILY FEUDS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Monsa. Dorbesson | Mr. Green | Police officer | Mr. Utt |
| St. Albin | Mr. Young | Duchesne | Mr. Hanna |
| Commodore | Mr. Twaits | Cecilia | Mrs. Placide |
| Gerseuil | Mr. Anderson | Sophia | Mrs. Young |
| Le Bon | Mr. Burke | Clara | Miss Thomas |
| Philip | Mr. Rose | Mrs. Herbert | Mrs. Utt |
| La Brie | Mr. Durang | | |

At the end of the play

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A Comic Song | by | | Mr. West |
| A Dance | by | | Miss E. Placide |
| Song | by | | Miss Thomas |
| A Horopipe | by | | Miss Placide |

To which will be added (for the first time here) the favorite new pantomime of

RAYMOND AND AGNES, Or THE BLEEDING NUN.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Raymond | Mr. Robertson | Don Felix | Mr. Clark |
| Theodore | Mr. Rose | Countess of Lindenburg | Mrs. Clark |
| Jaques | Mr. Anderson | Margaretta | Mrs. Placide |
| Old Servant | Mr. West | Spectre of the Bleeding Nun | |
| Baptist | Mr. Placide | | Mrs. Green |
| Robyrt | Mr. Twaits | Nun | Miss Thomas |
| Claude | Mr. Burke | Marrianna | Miss Thomas |
| Count of Lindenburg | Mr. Caulfield | Agnes | Mrs. Young |

# CLIPPER VARIETIES.

## Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

### TAMBO IN THE PRINTING BUSINESS.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Well, how are you to-night, Mr. Bones?

BONES.—On hand, like a sore thumb. *(Shows his thumb, which is bandaged.)*

INT.—Why, what is that?

BONES.—Well, I wish dat thumb had been in Statepison long ago.

INT.—Why so?

BONES.—It would hab ridded me ub a *felon.*

INT.—Oh! I see. Well, Sam, you look bright to-night.

TAMBO.—Yes; I'm like a bootblack—I shine fo' all.

INT.—I see that it is reported that the average American has twelve pockets in his clothes.

TAMBO.—Bet your life; but I had more t'odder day, and like to cost me clear.

INT.—You don't say so?

TAMBO.—Yes, I do. It was a pickpocket.

BONES.—Guess he didn't find much.

TAMBO.—Belieb yer. I tole him to "go West," and dat he might stay dar, and dat he'd neber find no *change* in me.

BONES.—Say, Sam, can you tell me why de last song out am like de statue ub de Greek Slave?"

BONES.—Bekase it was made to sell.

BONES.—No; de last song out am like de Greek Slave bekase it am a new ditty *(nudity).*

TAMBO.—Go way, go way. You say you hab a felon on your thumb? Why don't you try to cure it?

BONES.—I did de oder night, and I made it wuss.

TAMBO.—How so?

BONES.—Well, you see, a fellow told me to put gunpowder and vinegar on it before I went to bed; and I did

TAMBO.—Well?

BONES.—No, it wa'n't well—it made it wuss. You see, I forgot all about it in de mornin', when I went to light de fire, and I touched it off.

TAMBO.—Good cure, eh?

BONES.—Well, you might try it on; I don't charge anything for de receep.

INT.—What have you been doing lately, Sam?

TAMBO.—Been learnin' to stick type.

INT.—Well, how did you get along?

TAMBO.—On my feet and legs.

INT.—I mean in the office.

TAMBO.—I'll tell you. I went down dere de oder day, and de bos put me to settin' things to rights. Says he: "Put dose 'Foreign Leaders' into de *galley,* and *lock um up;* let 'Lincoln's Remains' hab a larger *head; distribute* 'De Army in de Souf;' *cut down* 'De Sultan ub Turkey,' and *double-lead* de 'Czar ub Russia;' get your *stick,* and finish dat 'Horrible Murder' dat Jim commenced last week; wash your hands, come to dinner, and den clear up de *pie.*"

INT.—That will answer for the present, Tambo. And now we'll listen to Brother May while he warbles a sweet tale of love:

### Trust Your Little Heart with Me.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Little sunshine of my heart,
Dearest in the world thou art;
Hear me pledge this vow anew—
None can love thee as I do.
If you will believe sincere
All I whisper in your ear,
Then I sweetly ask of thee—
Trust your little heart with me.
*Chorus.*—Darling, hear me pledge anew
All my vows of love to you,
Only asking this of thee—
Trust your little heart with me.

Little darling, linger near,
While I murmur in your ear
Fond affection's loving words,
Sweet as ever sweetest songs of birds.
If you deem each promise true
That I gently plight to you,
Then again I ask of thee—
Trust your little heart with me.
*Chorus.*—Darling, hear me, etc.

Little darling, by-and-bye,
When the shadows cloud the sky,
You will need a hand to guide,
Someone always at your side.
Mine shall be the voice to cheer,
Mine the love forever near;
If you wish it true to be,
Trust your little heart with me.
*Chorus.*—Darling, hear me, etc.

*Bridgeport, Ct.*

### THE THEATRE IN RICHMOND, VA., in 1847.

Of the persons mentioned in the appended copy of a bill, W. R. Blake died in Boston, Mass., April 22, 1863; Henry Placide died in Babylon, L. I., Jan. 23, 1870; Henry Lovell retired from the stage in 1853; John M. Scott died in this city in 1849; George Jordan died in London, Eng., Nov. 15, 1873; George Skerrett died in Albany, N. Y., May 16, 1855; Thomas McKeon retired from the stage some years ago, and is living in Philadelphia; Mark Allen retired from the profession, and is now editor of *The Woburn* (Mass.) *Advertiser;* Miss Alexina Fisher, now Mrs. Baker, is residing in this city in temporary retirement; Anna Walters became the wife of George Jordan, but was subsequently divorced from him—she is believed to be still living in retirement; R. W. McDougal, we believe, is dead; Mrs. Skerrett is still before the public.

THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager.....MR. W. R. BLAKE
(Also of the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore.)

The inhabitants of Richmond, its vicinities, adjacent towns, etc., are respectfully informed that the Company establishment having been made, by magnificent additions, alterations and costly improvements, equal to any theatre in the Union, and capable of accommodating with elegance and comfort all classes who are patrons of rational amusement, it is now open for the season.

AN EXCELLENT COMPANY, TALENTED ORCHESTRA.

The scenic and general arrangements such as, it is confidently believed, will merit the support of the public.

MR. H. PLACIDE

will this evening appear in a favorite character in a sterling comedy, in which

MR. BLAKE

will also appear.

First night of a new farce, never acted in this place, called

MR. AND MRS. BROWN.
MISS ANNA WALTERS

will appear in a favorite dance.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 18, 1847,

will be performed Coleman's comedy, in 5 acts, called

THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

first time in many years, and with a cast of characters not to be excelled by any theatre in the United States.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sir Robert Bramble | | Corporal Foss | Mr. Leonard |
| | Mr. Blake | Farmer Dowlass | Mr. Allen |
| Dr. Ollapod | Mr. H. Placide | Sir Charles' servant | |
| Fred'k Bramble | Mr. Lovell | | Mr. Clarke |
| Lieut. Worthington | Mr. Scott | Emily Worthington | Miss Fisher |
| Sir Chas. Cropland | Mr. Jordan | Miss Lucretia McTab | Miss Fownall |
| Stephen Harrowby | Mr. Skerrett | Dame Harrowby | Mrs. Phillips |
| Humphrey Dobbins | Mr. McKeon | Mary Harrowby | Miss Slater |

The original epilogue by the characters.

After the comedy,
Popular dance.....by.....Miss A. Walters
Grand overture.....by.....Miss Mandera

To conclude with the new and lanchable farce, called

MR. AND MRS. BROWN.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sir Matthew Mildmay | Mr. McKeon | John, an usher | Mr. McDougal |
| Mr. Brown | Mr. Skerrett | Man | Mr. Clarke |
| Apothecary | Mr. Allen | Betty | Miss Slater |
| Mrs. Brown | Mrs. Skerrett | Miss Brown | Miss Walters |

In which will be sung the ballad "I'll Never Be Married Again."

In rehearsal, the new comedy, never acted here, by the author of "London Assurance," called

THE LAST HEIR AT LAW.

Doors open at half-past six; to commence at 7 o'cl

# THEATRICAL RECORD.

**Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.**

## THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan 22.

LADIES' LIST.

Angelo, Vallie
Annin, M. A Cora
Almonte, Mrs. Emma
Allen, Eloise
Baker, Ella (actress)
Bain, Rose Sc.
Bernard, Laura
Boyd, Nellie (comedienne)
Barker, Georgie
Bradley, Leanora (of Rentz's Minst.)
Boshell, Louise
Baldwinn, Mrs. S. S.
Buell, Carrie
Burnum, E. (of Howe's Cir.)
Boyd, C. (of Boyd & Wade
Blitz, F. R.
Boyd, A. T.
Batchellor, W. H. (lesper)
Brooks, Jos. E.
Brown, E. B.
Barnum, P. T.
Braun, L.
Benford, S.
Bintaur, S. W.
Brennan, E.
Bagley, Wm.
Byne, E.
Billups, C.
Butler, A. (of Georgia Minst.)
Blanchard, C. A.
Batchelder, G. (for Batchelder & Dorris)
Burke, J. M. (actor)
Boyd, W. And.
Bliss, Prof. Frank
Bosco, Sig.
Bennett, Harry
Bush, I. T.
Beeman, E. M.
Blind Tom's Agent
Boyd, Chas.
Breyer, W. F.
Bates & Girau
Band Master of Howe's Circus
Bernard, Herry
Bernard, Perre
Burke, "Dave"
Bird, (of N. O. Minst.)
Blanchard, Harry
Bell, Frank
Barton, "Tommy"
Collier, Mr. (magician)
Coote, "Marc" E.
Cummings, James
Costuma, D. H.
Cohan, "Jarvis"
Caudell, Walter
Clap, "Lew"
Cassim, James
Cole, Eddie
Childs, Geo.
Carey, Thos.
Cosiley, Joseph (2)
Cummings, Frank
Clark, L. (of Clark Bros.)
Clark, E. (of Ed. & "Lew" Clark)
Cooper, Bailey & Co.
Case, W. (of K. Putnam's Co.)
Crawford, J. S.
Cook & Magin ley
Cardella, G.
Conners, Wm. (circus)
Conway, H. G.
Caterson, J. F.
Clapham, Geo. T. 6c.
Crabtree, J. A. 14c.
Cooper, C. F.
Cummings, H. W. ("Capt. Jack") (2)
Cole, W. W. (2)
Campbell, J. K.
Calhoun, J. (of Howe's Cir.)
Callender, Chas.
Clarke, H. G. (of U. S. Navy Circus Co.)
Cooke, L. E.
Cummings, J. (late Detleb & Cummings)
Clarke, R. (late of Adelphi, Chicago)
Cooke, Jas. (reaper, Cresaville, J. A.
De Leon, Leon
Dutcher, Mr. (of Batchelder (2)
Daly, M. C.
Davenport, Chas. (gymnast)
Dumont, Frank (2)
Delano, "Jepp"
Dixon, Geo. (2)
De Haven, Claude (2)
Derol, L. (of Schuman's Co.)
Diamond, Chas. (2)
Dutton, W.
Davis & Hamilton
Dupree, Chas. H.
Donavin, Wood.
Dougal, J. B.
De Laven, Chas.
Delafield, J. H.
Dunn, Geo.
Dingess, J. A.
Dupree & Benedict
Dickenson, H. A.
Diamond, Chas.
Dade, Chas.
Durand, J. W.
Dixon, Thos. B.
Davies, Herrey L.
Emerson & Clarke
Edwards, Sam
Edwards, Thos.
Edwards, H. (with "Sam" Wood)
Egan, John R.
Evans, F. (of Evans & Ellingham, R. (of Howe's Cir.)
Furbish, Chas. E.
Filkins, Col. R.
Frohman, Gustave

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for the following professionals: Anna Livingston, of Va. Shore Troupe; Adolph Betz; Dora H. Wiley; J. R. Field, of Robinson's Bell-ringers; I. T. Bush; "Dan" Nash, of "Mackerel Skirmish," and Luke Marsin, with a dramatic Company (3).

## INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Jan. 22, 1877.

There's a rift in the passing storm, there's a gleam of light through the gloom, and a speck of sunshine in the East foretells that the night of our sorrow is o'er. This is United States language with all the modern improvements—a sort of high-toned, blank-verse rhetoric, intended to impress upon the abstruse mind of the abstruser reader that we begin to see our way out of the stagnation in business and general depression in trade centres which have ruled and held us in statu-quo for the past twelvemonth and a day. Yes; the past week's business disclosed slight improvement, and a placid smile upon the weather-beaten faces of our theatrical managers gave evidence of the quick discernment of those gentlemen's perceptive organs, and of their readiness to catch the shadow ere the substance fades, or something of that kind. We do not say that there was much of a flurry for the better; not at all, but there was a ripple upon the surface, as it gave indication of the coming of better times, and of the restoration of public confidence in one thing or another. This may not seem as clear to you as we desire to make it; but nothing has been very clear of late, owing to the prevalence of dense fogs and the circulation of so many conflicting reports about the dnel and the dramatis personæ engaged in it.....*"Lemons"* came with a rush, and Manager Daly found "go" in it from the very first squeeze. It is the hit of the season, and peal on peal of laughter greets the comical situations of the squeezers and the squeezed. In fact, the merry outburst may be called a regular "Lemon's" peal. The Fifth-avenue Theatre has got a fair count in at last, and the hilarious throngs who emerge, at the close of the play, having "got the rights of it," cannot be called "the returning, *bored*." Jubilate!.....We are right glad to learn that Susan B. Anthony is on the war-path once more, lecturing on the public issues of the day. "Our Jim," who has great faith in blackeyed Susan, declares that she knows far more than half the people who don't know half as much as she knows. James wishes us to kindly suggest to the fair lecturer that a proper title for her series would be "Anthony's Knows I"..... A cable despatch, dated London, Jan. 20, informs us that, at the Queen's Theatre, the English opera of "Biorn," just produced, was a lamentable fizzle; that "the singers were sore-throated and broken-winded, and that they vocalized amid the derision of the audience." This is painful, because it deals a sock-dolager at the knowledge-repository of lyric art; but despatch adds that as more than anything else is the fear that these broken-winded singers will be brought over here before they get their second wind! This has been our lot heretofore; this may be our luck again. Heaven forefend!.....And this reminds us that Clara Louise Kellogg is to open a short season of English opera at the Academy of Music this week, and on Friday evening will produce for the first time in New York, in English, Wagner's opera of "The Flying Dutchman." Now, here we would say that if that wheezy old party who failed in "Biorn," which is nothing more than "Macbeth," should come over here before we get our new opera-house built, and should attempt to murder "Macbeth" in cold blood in this highly moral and virtuous city, we will arise in our anger, and make flying Dutchmen of the whole asthmatic caboodle. This is a cautionary signal!.....Some of the papers persist in declaring that the lamentable Brooklyn Theatre is to be rebuilt. We don't believe it. Why, it would be a fearful thing to make a phœnix of this old tinder-box! Everybody who went in would leave hope behind, as it were; and the play would possess no more interest for the hopeless auditor than would a large dose of cod-liver oil. People wouldn't give a thought to the play; their minds would be engrossed with sad memories and the means of egress. Better let the burnt phœnix rest in its ashes. Fearful that some hot-headed stockholders *might* undertake to rebuild the holocaustic theatre, another party at once took measures for the erection of a public hospital.....A night with Heller is provocative of much mystery, mirth, music and marvels. We like magicians as a class; but we never enjoy it very much when they seek to borrow our new silk hat, or brand-new gold watch, or silk handkerchief. Some years ago, when John Brougham was managing the Lyceum, on Broadway near Broome street, the genial one produced a burlesque on Professor Anderson, who was then making things hum by his magical entertainments given in Tripler Hall, where the Grand Central Hotel now stands. We took in the burlesque one night, and John took us in. Tell you how it was. John was about to do an egg-trick, making an omelette in a hat—you know what it is, for every magician has since done it. John asked if any gentleman would lend him a hat; gentlemen must have been scarce there that night, for no one responded; and rather than not have the show go on, we handed up our glossy castor, for which we had paid six rix guilders only the day before. Into this elegant hat the genial one broke twelve freshly laid eggs; then he threw in some "atoms of pork," and a dash or two of Jamaica rum; then, like the witches in "Macbeth," he began to stir it about, about, as he held the hat and contents over a spirit-lamp, hoping to see the mess, like a bed-bride, begin to bubble. But the trick was a dead failure, the things wouldn't mix or fraternize, as it might be, and, handing the hat and its contents down to us, the performer excused himself by saying in his sweet Irish accent: "Excuser moi—I have makes one grande mistake. Zare you have makes one grande mistake. Mr. Bennett, we felt like we could kill him if we wished to; but we didn't; we sneaked out of the theatre with the deafening laughter of the throng a-ringing in our ears! That's why we keep in the back row when we go to a magical show. [For the information of our readers, from whom we never deceive, we would state that we rushed for John Brougham at that time, and the whole thing was understood between us.—ED.] Excuses moi, while we perpetrate a few choice rhymes

IN RE HELLER.

Sir Robert the ga/ continues to stay
At the Globe, with performances new.
He has, it is said, demoniac aid
To kick up his *Heller-ballyo*.
Be that as it may, 'tis sufficient to say
Amusement is found "by the bunch—"
You're robbed of all care while sojourning there,
And filled to repletion with "Punch."

.....And this reminds us that Bill Clarke was in town the other day, having just made arrangements to take out Professor Hartz on an Eastern circuit. Kit was formerly with Zera the magician; but he now pioneers Hartz, mountin' the dead walls and rocky ridges with his sheets of posters, all telling of the coming man. By the way, we would here state that, unlike the Fakirs of the Cannibal Islands, Zera does not dose his audience with wooden studs, brass shawl-pins, and fried mush. No; such things are *below Zera!*.....Fat men's races are among the latest dodges in Delmore's Garden; but, if the fat men's races continue, the race of fat men will soon run out. "Our Jim," despite their thickness, says that the races are *too thin!*....Though they speak in wrath against the disciples of Thespis, nevertheless our ministerial brethren are willing to adopt the good points of the theatre. "We are led to these remarks by reading that at the Methodist Church Fair to be held at Rockaway Beach, Long Island, a church to seat twenty-five hundred persons. "The seats are to be graduated as in an amphitheatre," and two galleries will extend around three sides of the building. Ah ha! While our dear brethren are preaching about fire in that other place, let them look to their own temples, and see that hose and fire-plugs and sufficient avenues of exit are not wanting.....The boys are always equal to the situation. How so? One day toward the close of the last tenting season, a huge bruin escaped from a sideshow of which he formed one of the rare curiosities; whereupon the manstrels in the concert changed their tune from "*Bal de Nevis*" to *Noose de Bar*. Why no, Jimmy, we have said nothing about *Ben* de Bar. What *do* you mean by these interruptions? "I ony thought they'd Ben dar!".....There's a good deal of sarcastic impudence lurking about the purlieus of New York, notwithstanding the Commissioner of Police's high-level best to reach the level of the streets in their researches. One heartless party sends us a scented note, referring in neat and undeniable terms of amiability to our invaluable paper, and then asks, whether Fawcett Rowe's new play of "Fifth Avenue," to be produced at Booth's Theatre, when that house is done being closed for repairs, is a *society*-play. It Congress were to arrest such "Anxious Inquirers" as this one, instead of going through one's private telegrams and things, life would no longer be a blighted desert. There's to be a nigger in it, a Dutch comic, a heathen Chinee in it, a host of various foreigners, including the strength of the company in a street fight. Surely it is to be a society-play..... In taking Niblo's Garden, the Kiraly brothers were looked upon as bold men; and some predicted that they would soon have an elephant on their hands. Sure enough, the elephant arrived here a few days ago, and will form one of the greatest attractions of the Kiralfys' spectacle "Around the World in Eighty Days." Big thing!.....Actors are always doing good of some kind or other. They have raised a big sum for the Brooklyn sufferers, for Harry Murdoch's family, and for others; and now they are getting up a benefit in aid of a fund to pay off the mortgage on the house left by the late Lucille Western, so that it may be transferred, without encumbrance, to Lucille's mother. Now, doesn't this add another laurel to the crown which adorns the brows of our professional friends? But here we would kindly make an

IMPROMPTU.

The actors are never well known by the world;
But this you may all understand:
If you'd help them in mounting the "Ladder of Fame,"
Now's only to *give them a hand*.

.....*"An accomplished actress"* advertises to instruct amateurs, aid in voice-building, etc. This is a good move, but the lady must be careful to conform to the rules of the building-inspectors in her voice-building. Ho! he!.....The Jubilee Singers are doing a heap of good. Last night they sang in the Grand Opera-house and in the New Broadway Theatre, and many people went in to "see the camp-meeting" instead of going after girls. Better times are dawning.....They are going to have a masked ball at Irving Hall to-night. Guess there'll be lots of fun there. This is to be the first of a series of the masked ball at Slaughter Station a short time ago. Although, for that matter, both balls were harmless.....*"The Dreaming Iolanthe"* is still on exhibition uptown; they have nothing *but* her there. It is not true that she *but her head* in her sleep. That was a vile slander, and we *might* be permitted to suggest that the theatres are not the only sufferers by the hard times, for last week a church in New Haven closed for repairs, owing to a deficit in the treasury. Oh, it's rough on the ministers, you bet!.....If Adelaide Cook got off that night, there is a probability of his attending the Elks Ball in this city. [*Postscript.*—This is none of your baseballs.—ED.].....A correspondent in Chicago wants to know whether a good work on Shakespeare might not be made available now. Just as soon as we got this letter, instead of replying by mail-card, we engaged the services of a special detective, who, getting a requisition from Governor Robinson, started at once for Chicago, to secure the arrest of the man before he could have time to make any progress in his fell design. Society will thank us for preserving them from the threatened calamity.....Circus people are beginning to get their joints loosened, and things generally put in readiness for the next Spring campaign. Proprietors of shows are hunting up performers, and performers are prospecting for engagements. Things generally are looking up.

## CITY SUMMARY.

MISS FLORENCE WOOD is entitled to the credit, which in our issue of Jan 13 we accorded to Miss Helen Dingeon, for an excellent impersonation of the hobbledehoy in "Under the Gaslight" at the Grand Opera-house. Although Miss Dingeon's name appeared in the programmes, we have since learned that the change in the cast was made after the programmes had gone to press. Miss Wood is a neophyte in the profession, but gives much promise of future excellence, and is to be congratulated on the praise due to her efforts should have been unconsciously awarded to another.

PRESENTATION.—In commemoration of the transcontinental trip made by Jarrett & Palmer in June, 1876, and in recognition of the services rendered by Samuel D. Dougherty, passenger-agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Henry C. Jarrett called at Mr. Carpenter's office Jan. 17, and presented him with a souvenir in the shape of a book containing facsimiles in silver of the tickets used on the various roads, handsomely engraved, and inclosed in a massive silver case. The covers of the book are of solid silver, and bear appropriate inscriptions.

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In the first act, Mrs. Stark, an elderly lady, selects the lemons which are to be squeezed, and appoints the squeezers. The slight plot may be sketched as follows: Prior to the opening of the piece, a brother of Lord Loftus had married a sister of Major Gooseberry. Both have died and left a large estate to their sole child, a girl of some five years of age. Major Gooseberry and his daughter meet Lord Loftus at Mrs. Stark's residence, to appoint a guardian for the heiress and a trustee for the estate. Mrs. Stark's son, Bennie, and his chum, Jack Perryn, a brother lawyer, arrive upon the scene. To them Mrs. Stark unfolds her plans, as follows: Bennie is to marry Margie Gooseberry, and secure the trusteeship of the estate; Lord Loftus is to marry Mary Stark; and Jack Perryn is to make feigned love to Mary in order to induce Lord Loftus to propose quickly; and, in reward for this service, he is promised the hand of Bertha Maybrook, the governess. At first Bennie refuses his consent to this plan, because he is desperately in love with a fair unknown, whom he met in a railway-carriage in Switzerland some three years previously, and Jack also objects because he really loves Mary. The little heiress, Lady Emma Loftus, accompanied by her governess, Bertha Maybrook, enters as the discussion goes on, and in the governess Bennie recognizes the fair unknown before referred to. Jack and Bennie now consent to Mrs. Stark's plans, and promise to carry out their share. No sooner has she left the apartment than Jack proposes to Bennie that, instead of being lemons to be squeezed, they become lemon squeezers, and that, while keeping up appearances of fidelity to Mrs. Stark while in her presence, they shall arrange matters to suit themselves during her absence. Then they make complications commence. Lord Loftus falls in love with Maggie Gooseberry, Bennie with Bertha Maybrook, and Jack Perryn with Mary Stark; and, as all of these suits are progressing happily, circumstances arise which make each lady believe she is being imposed upon, and each gentleman think that each of the others is really making love to his sweetheart. Mrs. Stark is led to believe that both Major Gooseberry and Lord Loftus are desperately in love with her. Major Gooseberry goes so far as to propose to her while under the influence of several bottles of champagne, being urged thereto by Jack Perryn; but Lord Loftus is the one endeavoring to persuade Mrs. Stark to use her influence to prosper his suit with Margie, Mrs. S. thinks that all the ardent protestations of love which Lord Loftus intends for Margie are meant for herself. Towards the close of the piece, when Mrs. Stark thinks she has Lord Loftus completely in her, she compels her son Bennie to challenge her suitor, without naming him; and Bennie challenges Major Gooseberry, and sends the challenge by Lord Loftus. Major Gooseberry, rather than fight the boy, consents to the marriage, and information is conveyed to Mrs. Stark that Lord Loftus (when he can overcome his modesty sufficiently to name him) will keep his promise and marry her. When Major Gooseberry comes to propose for Mrs. Stark's hand, she, believing that she is to wed Lord Loftus, declines his proposal; and when matters are explained she is left without a husband. After recriminations and explanations the three couples become thoroughly made happy by one another's love. The second title of the piece, "Wedlock for Seven," is evidently a sell, as only six are married, Mrs. Stark, with her two imaginary lovers, failing to secure a husband. The piece was admirably acted. Mr. Coghlan was thoroughly at home as Jack Perryn, acting with quiet, gentlemanly ease, and, when required, with the necessary dash and spirit. Henry Crisp was likewise well fitted to the character of Bennie Stark, and deserves commendation for an earnest, careful performance. John Brougham had one of those characters in which he always appears at his best—an Irishman. Mr. Brougham clothed the old level best to reach the level of the streets in their researches. One heartless party sends us a scented note, referring in neat and undeniable terms of amiability to our invaluable paper, and then asks, whether Fawcett Rowe's new play of "Fifth Avenue," to be produced at Booth's Theatre, when that house is done being closed for repairs, is a *society*-play. It Congress were to arrest such "Anxious Inquirers" as this one, instead of going through one's private telegrams and things, life would no longer be a blighted desert. There's to be a nigger in it, a Dutch comic, a heathen Chinee in it, a host of various foreigners, including the strength of the company in a street fight. Surely it is to be a society-play..... In taking Niblo's Garden, the Kiraly brothers were looked upon as bold men; and some predicted that they would soon have an elephant on their hands. Sure enough, the elephant arrived here a few days ago, and will form one of the greatest attractions of the Kiralfys' spectacle "Around the World in Eighty Days." Big thing!.....Actors are always doing good of some kind or other. They have raised a big sum for the Brooklyn sufferers, for Harry Murdoch's family, and for others; and now they are getting up a benefit in aid of a fund to pay off the mortgage on the house left by the late Lucille Western, so that it may be transferred, without encumbrance, to Lucille's mother. Now, doesn't this add another laurel to the crown which adorns the brows of our professional friends? But here we would kindly make an

IMPROMPTU.

The actors are never well known by the world;
But this you may all understand:
If you'd help them in mounting the "Ladder of Fame,"
Now's only to *give them a hand*.

.....*"An accomplished actress"* advertises to instruct amateurs, aid in voice-building, etc. This is a good move, but the lady must be careful to conform to the rules of the building-inspectors in her voice-building. Ho! he!.....The Jubilee Singers are doing a heap of good. Last night they sang in the Grand Opera-house and in the New Broadway Theatre, and many people went in to "see the camp-meeting" instead of going after girls. Better times are dawning.....They are going to have a masked ball at Irving Hall to-night. Guess there'll be lots of fun there. This is to be the first of a series of the masked ball at Slaughter Station a short time ago. Although, for that matter, both balls were harmless.....*"The Dreaming Iolanthe"* is still on exhibition uptown; they have nothing *but* her there. It is not true that she *but her head* in her sleep. That was a vile slander, and we *might* be permitted to suggest that the theatres are not the only sufferers by the hard times, for last week a church in New Haven closed for repairs, owing to a deficit in the treasury. Oh, it's rough on the ministers, you bet!.....If Adelaide Cook got off that night, there is a probability of his attending the Elks Ball in this city. [*Postscript.*—This is none of your baseballs.—ED.].....A correspondent in Chicago wants to know whether a good work on Shakespeare might not be made available now. Just as soon as we got this letter, instead of replying by mail-card, we engaged the services of a special detective, who, getting a requisition from Governor Robinson, started at once for Chicago, to secure the arrest of the man before he could have time to make any progress in his fell design. Society will thank us for preserving them from the threatened calamity.....Circus people are beginning to get their joints loosened, and things generally put in readiness for the next Spring campaign. Proprietors of shows are hunting up performers, and performers are prospecting for engagements. Things generally are looking up.

## CITY SUMMARY.

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MUSICAL NOTES.—At the regular Wednesday afternoon organ-concert at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Organist S. P. Warren of Grace Church rendered an interesting programme, being assisted by the soprano Miss Sarah Wood as the soloist, vocally. The concerts continue each succeeding Wednesday during the season.....The vocalists Miss Beebe, Miss Finch, Mrs. Hills, and Messrs. Eilard, Nilsen, Baird and Aiken, with C. Florio as accompanist, gave an evening of English glees at Chickering Hall Jan 18.....A ballad-concert was given at Steinway Hall on Friday evening for the benefit of the poor of the city—Miss Arabella Root, soprano; George Werrenrath, tenor; Mrs. Ella H. Rolph, elocutionist; and F. F. Muller, director and accompanist, appearing in an attractive bill. This entertainment is the first of a series announced in aid of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.....The short season of English opera at the Academy of Music this week will present the Kellogg troupe in "The Bohemian Girl" on Tuesday, "Faust" Wednesday, and on Friday evening and Saturday matinee in what will be a novelty to New York, their plantation melodies and religious songs at the New Broadway Theatre on Sunday evening last.....Maurice Grau arrived in this city on Friday, to be followed shortly by Aimee and her opera-bouffe company.....Theo. Thomas and orchestra have returned to the city, giving up their concert tours. The opening of the new Opera-house Company appeared to a good attendance in "Monte Cristo," Booth's Theatre Company and E. L. Davenport are to appear 22 in "Dan'l Druce."

DOMINICK MURRAY acted in the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., during the week ending Jan. 13.

J. HAVERLY'S Rowe was the star at the Euclid-avenue Opera house, Cleveland, O., during the week ending Jan. 13.

JOHN ESKINE JR., scenic artist, died of consumption in Boston, Mass., Jan. 11, aged 26 years 3 months and 8 days.

CHARLOTTE THOMSON, at the Pittsburg Opera-house, drew a series of good audiences the past week. She appeared Jan. 15 as Nell Gwynne in "Court and Stage," making a good impression and receiving excellent support. It was as Miss Multon, however, that the greatest success of the week was achieved. This character suits Miss Thomson were never so fully shown here, and they met a hearty appreciation. All through the play the immense strain on the powers of the lady did not flag, and the last act saw a fitting close to the sufferings of the unfortunate Miss Multon. The Dan Bernard Dramatic Co. acted in the afternoon. being dignified and quiet, but very forcible. Dr. Longworth (L. R Stockwell) and Dorotha (Mrs. E. B. Holmes) were also ably played. J. F. Dean's Mons. Chopin was good, as was the Madame De Berrier of Miss Kate Fletcher. As Adele and Francois, the children, Misses Jennie and Carrie Bray were seen to better advantage than in any other characters this season. Miss Thompson produced 19 her new play, written by Messrs. Lancaster and Magnus, entitled "Only a Woman." Saturday matinee, "Miss Multon," and Saturday evening "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and "Rough Diamond," concluding Miss Thompson's stay here. She will be succeeded 22 by Kate Fisher in "Mazeppa."..... "Forbidden Fruit" attracted to Library Hall the best houses of the season, Jan. 22, C. W. Barry in "Echoes." Letter of Jan. 20.

"SARATOGA" is the attraction at Ford's Grand Opera-house Baltimore, Md., the past week. The attendance was very large each evening. F. C. Bangs, Louis Aldrich and Agnes Booth in the leading parts met with decided appreciation. The ballet was the finest ever seen in this city. The play was beautifully mounted and was a grand success. Jan. 22 Dion Boucicault in "The Shaughraun."

.....Miss Neilson was the star attraction at the Academy of Music, act ng in "Romeo and Juliet" on Monday night, "As You Like It" Tuesday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee, and "Twelfth Night" Wednesday and Thursday nights. She was ably supported by Eben Plympton, W. H. Bailey, Vining Bowers, Mr. Scallan and others. Tom Karl sang in "As You Like it." Business good.

JOE MURPHY, who was announced to open at the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., Jan. 15, was unable to do so, having been delayed on his way from St. Louis by heavy snowstorms. He opened in "Kerry Gow" 16, and last night closed one of the most prosperous engagements played at this house during the present season. The drama was admirably put upon the stage, the scenery meriting especial notice. Mr. Murphy, who reappeared after an absence of two years, has greatly improved in both effectiveness and general acting. Fulton Russell had little to do as Raymond Drew, but acquitted himself in his usual correct style. Edwards as Valentine Hay made an excellent villain; Eberle was gruff and hearty as the Major; Willie Carley as O'Drive and Reed as Patrick Drew were both painstaking and commendable. Ada Rehan has never appeared to better advantage than as Norah Drew. Hattie O'Neill made a hit as Alice Doyle, her brogue being particularly noticeable for its unctuous flavor. Sam S. Sanford and company appear 23 in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for three nights. Anna Dickinson will fill out the week.....*"Buffalo Bill"* and his company are announced to act at Martin Hall Jan. 26, 27, in "Red Right Hand." Advices of Jan. 21.

FROM CHICAGO, ILL., under date of Jan. 20, our correspondent wrote as follows: "The tremendous snow blockades which have prevailed east of here, and of which we had a goodly supply the first of the week, have delayed and interfered greatly with theatrical business. Daly's Fifth-avenue Company, which should have arrived Jan. 15, were snowed in between Hornellsville and Buffalo, N. Y., and did not open at Haverly's Theatre till the evening of the 18th, losing three nights and a matinee. 'Pique,' with nearly the same cast as that of last Summer, was given the rest of the week. The merits of Mrs. Jeffreys Lewis' Mabel Renfrew, Mr. Fawcett's Sammy Dymple, and the rest are too well known to need discussion. Chicago has especially set the stamp-seal of its approval upon the Raitch of Miss Ada Gilman, it being voted last season rather the best thing in the play, which verdict is now emphasized. A very nice business has been done since the arrival of the party. Next (this) week the same combination in 'Life.'.....At McVicker's Theatre, the second week of John McCullough has been fairly remunerative, and the artistic success gratifying. The Gladiator," 'Virginius,' and 'Richelieu' have been presented. As Virginius, McCullough should be ranked among the best at present on the stage. E. F. Thorne has achieved renown by his rendition of Iago, Iciilius, and other characters. Jan. 22 Mrs. Louise Pomeroy begins an engagement, appearing in a round of standard characters.....At the Museum, the star of the week, B. Pope Cooke, did not arrive till Jan. 18, the stock company filling in the three preceding evenings. For the rest of the week Mr. Cooke appeared in 'Inshavogue' before a succession of very fair houses. Beginning 22: Deakin's Lilliputian Comic-opera Company, comprising Com. Nutt, Col. Goshen, Ella Kirtland, Maj. Nutt, Jennie Quigley, Sarah Belton and Maj. Houghton. They are to appear in 'Jack the Giant-killer.'.....Frank L. Goodwin, business-manager of the late Emerson California Minstrel troupe, has returned to town, and will take up his abode at Haverly's Theatre."

ADELAIDE NEILSON makes her reappearance at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Feb. 5, when "Cymbeline" will be produced.

EDWIN BOOTH commences a three weeks' engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Feb. 5, when the Lyceum Comedy company will be followed by Ben De Bar as Falstaff, and E. A. Sothern, who opens here March 12, and during his engagement will produce three new plays, two of them for the first time on any stage.

JOSEPH H. KEANE and company are to give "Rip Van Winkle" at Lafayette Hall, Lynn, Mass., on the evening of the 25th inst., for the benefit of the artistic ability of Miss Rose Eytinge.

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THE KIRALFY COMBINATION in "Around the World in Eighty Days" opened at the Buffalo (N. Y.) Academy of Music Jan. 15, to fair business, which rather increased towards the end of the week. This piece was brought out here for the first time Jan. 15, 1876, this present engagement beginning exactly one year from their first appearance. While this combination carry considerable new stage machinery and present the spectacle with a good deal of improvement, the hard times counteracted all this, and nearly fifty per cent. in receipts besides, as compared with their initial engagement, and this is a fair showing for the whole season thus far. F. S. Chanfrau opens 22 for one week. Anna Dickinson follows for one week. The Academy stock, who have been West with J. T. Raymond, are to support Chanfrau. A. W. Gregory has joined the company temporarily. Letter of Jan. 20.

MISS NEILSON and a company are to open in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre for four nights Jan. 24.

JOHN T. RAYMOND as Col. Sellers, supported by Abbey & Schoeffle's Company, attracted a crowded house in Detroit, Mich., Jan. 16.

## MUSICAL.

TAMBOURINES AND BONES can be purchased of Roe Stephens, who advertises.

THE RICHINGS-BERNARD OPERA TROUPE were in Jackson, Mich., Jan. 15, Lansing 16, East Saginaw 17, Detroit 18, 19, 20, and are billed in Toledo, O., 22, 23, Sandusky 24, Zanesville 25, Mansfield 26, Wheeling 27, Pittsburg 29, for one week.

SPALDING'S BELLRINGERS are reported as doing a good business in the New England circuit. They performed in Clinton, Mass., 17, Holden 18, Dedham 19 and Taunton 20. They are to exhibit in New Bedford 22, Fall River 23, Newport, R. I., 24, Bristol 25, Warren 26, Westerly 27, Norwich, Ct., 29, New London 30, Willimantic 31, Colchester Feb. 1, Middletown 2, Bristol 3, New Britain 5, Meriden 6, Milford 7, New Haven 8, Bridgeport 9, South Norwalk 10.

"WIFE'S LOVE WALTZES," and other music, composed by George A. Florance, is published by J. L. Rippey, who advertises.

THE OATES OPERA COMPANY, under the management of Saml. Colville, will be at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., from Jan. 22 to 29, Louisville, Ky., 29 to Feb. 3. Managers desiring to arrange for dates after Feb. 24 can address as above.

AN ORCHESTRA, consisting of a first and second violin, violoncello and trombone, flute and piccolo, and contra-bass, all of whom play brass, can be secured by addressing J. G., care of this office.

ROSA D'ERINA is to sing in Bridgeport, Ct., on Jan. 27, for the benefit of St. Mary's Cathedral of that city.

THE TOUR of the Oates Company through the South, taking in Richmond, Danville, Atlanta, Montgomery and Mobile, Galveston to St. Louis, was made within five weeks, during which time about two thousand five hundred miles were traversed, at an expense of about three thousand dollars for transportation alone, and the company gave thirty-eight performances, under the management of Mr. Samuel Colville.

A FIRST OR SECOND VIOLIN desires an engagement. See C. B. W.'s card.

FRED C. LEPPERT, clarionet and alto-player, whose address find in another column, wants an engagement.

AT BEETHOVEN HALL, Boston, this week, the Juvenile English Opera, a troupe of children, appear in the opera of "Crispino e la Comare."

THE CINCINNATI ORCHESTRA was billed for its second concert this season at Pike's Opera-house 23.

"FRA DIAVOLO" is to be sung by amateurs at Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., and "Martha" by the same a week later. Signor Jannotti is the director.

C. A. BOYD, leader and musical director, advertises for an engagement.

INSTRUMENTS, sixteen uniforms and band music are offered for sale cheap by J. Thomas, whose address find in another column.

BOGAN'S BANJOS, instruction books on the banjo and dancing can be purchased at J. J. Bogan's advertised address.

THE "EVANGELINE" COMBINATION is to play three nights and Saturday matinee in the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house this week.

HARDING'S cheap editions of the latest songs can be obtained at his advertised address.

THE KELLOGG OPERA TROUPE commenced a brief season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 16th inst., appearing in "Fra Diavolo," which was substituted for "Marriage of Figaro," in consequence of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg being unable to appear on account of an ulcerated throat. Mme. Rosewald filled the vacant position of leading primadonna in this opera, and during the three other performances on the evenings of the 17th and 19th inst., and at a matinee on the 20th inst., when the operas of "Faust," "Martha" and "The Bohemian Girl" were produced, Miss Kellogg being still unable to appear. The attendance was medium.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, Philadelphia, before Judge Biddle, the case of Edward M. Kemp, administrator of the late Annie Kemp Bowler, against Tracy W. Titus and Alice Oates, trading as Mrs. James A. Oates, was heard on the 19th inst. This was an action to recover damages for an alleged wrongful discharge of Mrs. Bowler during her engagement as contralto in the Oates Comic-opera Company, while at Philadelphia, in Nov., 1874. The defense set up was that Mrs. Bowler was incompetent to perform the parts assigned to her, and that for this reason she was discharged by the business-manager of the company. The jury, however, believed that Mrs. Bowler was wrongfully discharged, and they rendered a verdict for the plaintiff for $1,785.

THE RICHINGS and Holman Opera Troupes and Strakosch's Concert Company are "booked" to appear at the Alhambra, Philadelphia.

MESDAMES H. W. ALEXANDER and A. H. Darling gave a concert on the 17th inst. at Association Hall, Philadelphia. They were assisted by Charles H. Jarvis, Emil Gastel and the Madrigal Club, under the leadership of Michael H. Cross.

MISS LIZZIE MACARTNEY gave a concert on the 18th inst. at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, in aid of the Centennial Fountain Fund. She was assisted by L. Ney Mange, Paul Kirchner, M. F. Aledo, and Miss Eva Mace, contralto, the latter then making her first appearance in Philadelphia.

THE GERMAN OPERETTA "Die Feen Rose" will be presented at Concordia Hall, Philadelphia, on the 2d inst. of February, Madame Minnie Bohn, a popular resident soprano, will personate the leading role.

ON SUNDAY EVENING, January 14, a sacred concert was to have been given at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, for the benefit of the poor, but it was prevented by the authorities. A collection was taken up by Mr. Miller, and the sum of $10 realized for this charitable purpose.

THE SOLDENE ENGLISH COMIC-OPERA COMPANY appeared to crowded houses in Public Library Hall, Louisville, Jan. 15, 16, 17. "Trial by Jury" and "Chilperic," "La Fille de Mme. Angot" and "Geneviève de Brabant" were the attractions produced. The audiences were noticeable for the absence of ladies, and the constant attendance of bald-headed gentlemen.

TWO INAUGURAL CONCERTS are to be given Jan. 23, 26, in the new Hershey Music Hall, Chicago, The participants are Miss Anna Drasdil, Arcularlo; W. H. Sherwood, pianist; Alfred Wilkie, H. Clarence Eddy, Carl Wolfsohn, William Lewis and M. Eichheim.

HOWARD CLIFTON, basso vocalist, who is now traveling with Alf. Burnett, publishes his address in another column.

A NEW SONG and chorus, entitled "Angels Hover O'er Our Darling," is published by F. W. Helmick of Cincinnati, O.

THE SWEDISH VOCAL QUARTET gave an enjoyable concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 16th inst., appearing in costume.

MISS GUTHRIE, a young lady of New York City, will soon make her debut in Philadelphia in opera.

THE LILLIPTIAN OPERA COMPANY returned to Detroit, Mich., Jan. 15, 16, 17, but met with poor success. They closed, giving a matinee 20.....Richings-Bernard Opera Troupe to open 22, 23 in "Bohemian Girl," "Trovatore," "Fra Diavolo" (matinee), and "Maritana" being the repertoire. The houses have not been large, but the operas were admirably performed. They open in Toledo, O., 22.....Essipoff has been booked for Feb. 5; the original date was 2, but was changed.

THE BROOKLYN (L. I.) PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY gave their second concert Jan. 21 at the Academy of Music, in that city, to a crowded house. Emma C. Thursby, violinist, and F. Bergner, violoncellist, were the special attraction.

THE HYERS Sisters Combination is to sing in Montpelier, Vt., Jan. 29, 30, Vergennes 31, Rutland, Feb. 1, Ludlow 2, 3.

THE BAY STATE OPERA COMPANY is to sing in Lynn, Mass., Feb. 1.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Galveston, Texas, was occupied by Mrs. Oates' Opera Company during the week ending Jan. 13. The house was filled each evening by large and fashionable audiences, the best of the season. Jan. 15, Miss Augusta Dargon, supported by Furbish's Fifth-avenue Company, commenced an engagement.

THE KELLOGG OPERA TROUPE are to give "The Bohemian Girl" in the New Institute Hall, Newark, N. J., Jan. 29.

THE OATES COMIC-OPERA TROUPE had a good week at the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo. "Madame Angot's Daughter" was presented Jan. 15, followed by "Giroffe-Girofla," "Princess of Trebisonde," "Grand Duchess," and "The Cloistered." The party opens in Cincinnati 22.....Madame Annette Esipoff's three concerts in St. Louis, Mo., were well attended.

## VARIETY HALLS.

AT THE ADELPHI, Toledo, O., Blanche Stanley in the drama of "Too Late," the Claire Sisters and Cincinnatus were the new people Jan. 15. Closing 20: John W. Whitney, Emma Clifford, Edgell and Eldridge, the Claire Sisters, and Clifford and Reeds. To open 22: Charles E. Emmett in "Dashing Charley," the Hennessy Brothers, and Alice Hale..... At the Theatre Comique, Charles Foster in "Saved at Seven" was the star. Closing 20: The Bryants and Charles Foster, to Detroit, Mich., and Neil Smith and dogs to Chicago, Ill. Billed for 22: Burk and Mora, the Newton sisters, Worden and Mack, and the Fostelles.

VARIETY PERFORMERS, especially ladies, are advertised for by D. P.

MANAGER DAVIS of Egyptian Hall, this city, announces to the profession that that establishment is not the old Chestnut-street Theatre, but a large iron building, which has been fitted up for a first-class variety theatre. Talent can find dates by applying to him as per card.

JOHN LE CLAIR is performing this week at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

LADY ACROBATS are wanted to join a variety combination. See Swart's card.

DELEHANTY AND HENGLER are to begin an engagement in the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., Jan. 29.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., the newcomers Jan. 15 were Harry Mack and his educated dogs; Cameron and Hawkins, song-and-dance; the Lynn Sisters; Miss Dot Aborn, vocalist; and Scarles, Downing and Greayson, clog-dancers. Business good.

WM. STEWART, who advertises, wants to engage two end-men who can do song-and-dance and clog business.

FRANK JONES made a hit with his "Black Hand" at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, during the past week. He closed 20, and Jule Keen and his bear are billed for 22.....At Orchestrion Hall, 15, Will H. Stowe and dogs, Prof. Langton, magician, and Millie De Courcy in fancy dances delighted the people.

VARIETY PERFORMERS are wanted for Wallace & Rogers' Pictorial Sensation. See advertisement.

JOHN F. RYAN & Co., dramatic and variety agents, publish their address in another column.

AT THE BOWDOIN MUSEUM, Boston, "The Naiad Queen," with Dollie Bidwell, Viro Farrand and Fanny Herring, has been the chief attraction. In addition, the Miaco Family, Carroll and Barry, Gussie Leach, Harry Osborne and Fanny Wentworth have appeared.

WARD NORTON performs in San Antonio, Texas, Jan. 22, 23, 24, Austin 29, 30. He opens at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 5, after which he can be engaged. See card.

VICTOR E. BEAMER.—A telegram announces the death of this ex-manager in Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 15. His disease was consumption, from which he had suffered during the past two years. His managerial career was confined entirely to Pittsburg, Pa. He commenced his professional life as the treasurer of Trimble's Varieties when under the management of Benjamin Trimble. After the death of Mr. Trimble, April 15, 1870, Mr. Beamer became the lessee of that theatre, and managed it quite successfully for some time. He next managed the old Opera-house, now the Fifth-avenue Theatre, as a sensational variety theatre, and subsequently as a dramatic theatre. Later, under his management, many stars and combinations acted in Library Hall and the Academy of Music. His declining health compelled him to give up management, and he went to Iowa; but, finding no relief, he went to Cleveland, O., where he resided for some time, and then returned to Pittsburg, and left there about November last for Jacksonville, Fla. He left a wife and child and numerous friends in Pittsburg to mourn their loss. His funeral took place at Jacksonville, at 10 o'clock A.M. Jan. 15, and was largely attended, as Mr. Beamer had made many friends since his arrival there.

ARTISTS OF ABILITY are wanted at the Theatre Comique, Springfield, O. Address as per card.

FANNY PHELPS and Tony Richardson, now with the Commonwealth Minstrels, performing in their song and-dance, musical and other specialties, publish their permanent address in our business department.

THE COMPANY at Moore's Opera house, Sacramento, Cal., includes George F. Moore, Sammy Swain, John Foster, John Williams, Andy McKay, Charles Hall, H. Bloodgood, Billy Knight, Alf. Wyman, Carrie Leon, Kitty Henderson, Vivian Raymond, Ellena Devaux, Beatrice Devaux, Laura Smith, Lulu Wilson and the Peak Family. Alf. Wyman (Taylor) and Lulu Wilson (Christine Sahlman) of the company were married Dec. 25, 1876.

LULU DELMAY and Blanche Selwyn, who were announced in our past issue as having sailed from San Francisco, Cal., for Australia Jan. 3, postponed their departure for a time.

BARTON & INNES' VARIETY COMPANY, organized in Grand Rapids, Mich., includes Will. A. Innes, manager; H. L. Barton, treasurer; J. P. Rudd, stage-manager; Ed. M. Hardy, agent; Barton and Dormer, song-and-dance; Letha Hermon, vocalist; Ed. S. Gibbons, contortionist; Jas. M. Weeks, comedian; Nettie J. Bren, vocalist; and others. They were to have opened in Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan 20, thence to proceed South.

THE HEYWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION was to have performed in Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 16, 17, Allegan 18, Kalamazoo 19, South Bend 20, and are billed in Wabash 22, Logansport 23. W. H. Sherman is in advance.

PAT ROONEY was presented with a handsome gold-headed cane on the occasion of his benefit at the New Chicago (Ill.) Theatre on Jan. 5.

A PARTNER for sketch business—one to take female characters—is wanted by Chas. F. Calver, whose address is care of this office.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS desiring dates at the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Canada, can apply to Jas. French, proprietor, who advertises.

MISS ELLIE ARMONA is requested, in a card elsewhere, to send her address to C. C. C., care of this office.

AT THE ADELPHI, Chicago, Ill., business has been better than at any time since the holidays. The Rollin Howard Burlesque Troupe have made a pronounced success in "Yeast Lynne," Mr. Howard, Mr. Haushew, Miss Nellie Larkelle and Miss Fanny Beaman being particularly good. Miss Beaman was also capital in the protean comedietta of "The Three Sisters." Mlle. Inez Casteleoni's troupe of tableau artists has presented the best series of living art statuary yet offered here. The motto-songs of Wiley Hamilton were taking, and John Reilly gave a clever imitation of Pat Rooney, oftentimes nearly exciting the original. The only departure of the week is John Reilly. This week the Rollin Howard Troupe are to give the burlesque of "Minerva," and the following people are to make fresh appearances: the Richmond Sisters, Neil Smith and dogs, John D. Griffin, Lillie Hall, and Huber and Glidden. Manager John Allen's benefit last Saturday night (Jan. 14) proved a bumper, netting the beneficiary nearly a thousand dollars, besides which his friends presented him with a magnificent gold watch and chain. At the same time John Biehl, leader of the orchestra, was the recipient of a testimonial from his friends in the form of a gold-mounted ebony baton.....At the Coliseum business has been good, and the entertainment attractive. The Brahams have pleased, as usual. Miss Adrienne Grey won plaudits of an appreciative audience for her exceptionally good singing. Miss Emma Juran and Mr. G. W. Brown gave some admirable trapeze performances. Hugh Fay appeared to advantage in Irish sketches, and Annie Hindle gave some fresh songs in her charming male costumes. Those leaving are Adrienne Grey, to Cincinnati; Hugh Fay, to the Academy; Emma Juran and G. W. Brown and Annie Hindle, destination unknown. Arrivals 22: The Landis Bros., H. Dorr and Son, Henry Brown, John Williams, Marie Sherman, Lulu Mortimer and the Winnetts.....The new managers of the Academy of Music have made a ten-strike in opening it as a cheap-priced variety house. But, while the prices are low, the performances given are capital, a long list of artists appearing in a well-diversified programme. The principal features of the past week have been the excellent banjo-solos of Tommy Turner and the clog-dancing of the three Turner Bros., Francois' Punch-and-Judy, the admirable gymnastics of the Carlyles, the vocalisms of little Bertie Rhinehart and Miss Jennie Wade, and the wonderful slack-wire performance of Louise Boshell. A succession of large houses has prevailed, on many nights people being turned away. Those leaving with the week are Louise Boshell, to Cincinnati; Bertie Rhinehart, to St. Louis; Worden and Mack, to Toledo; Harry Armstrong and Kitty Sheppard, Leonora Bradley and Chas. and Jennie Ralston, destination unknown. Arrivals Jan. 22: John Reilly, Hugh Fay, Lulu Francis, Alice Hazeltine, the Kays and La Senorita Vesper. Letter of Jan. 20.

BUSINESS at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., is fair. The new face Jan. 15 was Ed. Dutton, Billy Bryant and Kitty Durand failing to appear. C. O. White took a rousing benefit 19. The departures 20 were Harry and Mary Thompson to Toledo; and Dick Rowan, for Cincinnati. Crowley and De Forrest are announced for 22.

LARGE AUDIENCES were drawn to the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., the past week, to witness the drama "Marked for Life" produced by Sid. C. France. The new faces Jan. 15 were the Morelle Sisters, Charles Vincent, May Antonio and Sid. C. France. The Morelle Sisters appeared in several clever acts, and Mr. Vincent in character sketches, which were good. May Antonio sang several serio-comic songs moderately well. Barney Ferguson departs 20 for St. Louis. Sid France closes same date, destination undecided. Miss Martelle left 15 for Zanesville, O. W. H. Griffith, in his drama of "Forbidden Pleasures," is billed for 22. Letter of Jan. 18.

CHATTA ROSE, "The Little Georgia Wonder," can be engaged for her songs-and-dances and dramatic sketches. See card.

HARRY OSBORNE and Fanny Wentworth are meeting with success at the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass.

HOMER AND HOLLY publish in our business department a list of their original acts and sketches, and a notice from *The Louisville Courier-Journal*, which speaks favorably of their performances.

THE NICHOLS—Blanche and Johnny—clog and sketch artists, are performing at the Adelphi Theatre, Scuthville, Ind., where managers desiring to engage them can address.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS desiring engagements at Add Weaver's Adelphi, Hartford, Ct., are requested to apply as per advertisement, and all performers engaged by Mr. Clapp are notified that they will be expected to play as per their contracts.

PROF. NEIL SMITH and his trained dogs are now performing at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill. They can be secured for the tenting season by applying to his advertised address.

THE NEW APPEARANCES at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 14, were Le Grand and the Zanfretta Pantomime Troupe. The burlesque of "The White Fawn" introduced the Zanfrettas in their Clodoche Quadrille, and the ladies of the ballet in the cancan. Treasurer Harry Noxon's benefit 18 drew a large audience. Banker and Mills and Henrietta Mollenhaur close 20. Announcements for 21: Baby Reinehart, Mlle. Maretta, J. Riley and Emma Bretto. Sig. F. De Luise, leader of orchestra, is again to be seen in his old place..... Looney's Varieties, which is now managed by John Daley, the successor of Ed. Gaffey, is doing fairly well. The performance consists of serio-comic songs of Jennie Jerome, Millie Basoure and Dora Bishop; fancy-dancing by Lizzie Hastings, motto songs by Emma Clark (Mrs. Johnny Clark), songs-and-dances of Keating and Flynn, sketches by Charles Bartine and Johnny Pierce, and Gus Lee's "Hoosier Bill from Indiana."..... Belle France was the only arrival at the Novelty Jan. 14. The main features are Turner and Geyer, song-and-dance men, and the afterpiece of "Broken Chains." Advices of Jan. 19.

AT SHELBY'S, Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 15, the Suydam Bros., the Perry Bros. and Kitty Elberts were the only ones of those billed that were able to get there. Geo. Knight and the Landis Bros. left New York 14, expecting to arrive by noon 15, but owing to the snow-blockade they did not arrive until midnight Tuesday, having been en route fifty-eight hours from New York. Daly's Fifth-avenue Company en route to Chicago were on the same train. Lizzie Conway did serio-comic songs to applause, and the Suydam Bros. proved good cards in their horizontal-bar specialties. The Richmond Sisters retained all their friends and added many new ones, and the Perry Bros. did fair black-face specialties. Sam Rickey, in addition to appearing in his act "Casey the Piper," undertook to fill Geo. Knight's role in "Weston the Walkist" during the first three performances of the week. Geo. W. Barnum succeeded Sam Norman, and Kitty Elberts Mina Crolius of the Adelphi stock for the rest of the season. Manager Shelby takes the following company to the oil region, showing at Bradford, Pa., 22: Lizzie Conway, the Suydam Bros., Lillie Antonio, the Perry Bros., Jas. D. Roeme, Sam Rickey and Geo. Conway. The Richmond Sisters close 20, going to Chicago. Announced for 22: Jeppe and Fannie Delano, Manhattan Quartette and Jennie, Frank and Eva Bennett, Robeson, Harry Vannetti, Sig. Erni, and Nellie Leslie. Advices of Jan. 20.

AT MME. DUCLOS' ARION GARDEN THEATRE, Reading, Pa., business improved during the past week. The new arrivals were Mattie Gray and Dody Zanfretta, whose costume-dances were the embodiment of ease and grace. Announced for 22: Welby and Pearl, Jas. Carr, and Agnie Sothern. Departures 20: Sullivan and Curdy, to Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels; Little and McGowan, to Brooklyn for 29; Lou Howard, to Scranton.

THE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a prosperous business during the past week. The new appearances Jan. 15 were the Menzert Sisters in character specialties, Franklin and Kincade in acrobatic exercises, and R. M. Carroll and sons in Irish comic sketches, all meeting with popular favor. Alf McDowell opened 18, appearing as Joe Shakes in the one-act drama of "From the Altar to the Scaffold," and was accorded a genial reception. Departures 20: The Cawthorne boys, to the London, N. Y. City; and Barney Reynolds, to Philadelphia. Announcements for 22: Eloise Allen, Lizzie Mulvey, Ida Greenfield, Lotta White, Lizzie Christopher, Marian Gray, Katie Thorpe, Emily South, and Henrietta Hope. The six last-named are engaged to strengthen the ballet.....The Avenue Theatre improves on acquaintance, the attendance being largely on the increase. The Levino Brothers, lightning caricaturists and performers on the tumbler harmonicon, were the only fresh appearances of the week. They are clever in their specialties, and were well received. Departures Jan. 20: Al. Hulmes, Hurley and Marr, McCullough and Casey, Tom Granger, and Frank Lewis, destination unknown. Announcements for Jan. 22: The D'Omers, Daisy Remington, Edna Wellington, La Petite Estelle, Miss Lillie, Carrie Bentley, the Ainsleys, and Larry Tooley. Advices of Jan. 21.

A PARTNER is wanted for song-and dance and musical-make business. See A. H. Walker's card.

MILLIE ROUSSELLIE, a clever gymnast, trapeze performer and dancer, lately performing at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, is now seriously ill at her residence in that city.

AT NOONAN'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the fresh features last week were the sketches of George and Nellie Woods and the contortionism of Charles O'Brien, which met with approval, business being very good. Mel Kurtz, the stage-manager of this establishment, was publicly presented by his friends on the 18th inst. with a beautiful silver-mounted tambourine. Millie Daly, Emma Smith, Laura Harrison and Billy Cole open here Jan. 22.

THE ATTRACTIONS last week at the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, had the effect of drawing large audiences, especially at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The Orrin Brothers were warmly received in their acrobatic act, executing their various feats with grace, agility and ease. The Barlow Brothers in their songs-and-dances and jig act with deserved success; as also did Eugene Blitz in his well-known specialties. Billy Carroll and Charley McCarthy, two eminently-clever Irish comedians, made a very decided hit in their sketch "The O'Gradys," in which they earned great applause. Harris and Carroll in Ethiopian specialties; Mollie De Mar in serio-comic vocalism were also favorably received. The cleverly-arranged ballet of Prof. G. W. Smith's, entitled "Girls and Boys of the Period," was by no means the least attractive portion of the entertainment, Jaques Kruger, who has made a great hit by his versatility, giving therein a capital grotesque personation as "Arry of the Hoxford. The Orrin Brothers closed 17, and D. L. Morris 20. Delehanty and Hengler, Willie Gaylord and the Sharpleys appear 22.

AT STEWART'S VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, the sensational sketch of "On the Sly" attracted excellent houses during the past week.

ADAMS AND LEE in an excellent musical act, and Courtney and Bryan in songs-and-dances, were the novel features of the lengthy programme given at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, last week. This establishment still holds its own in the matter of drawing, there being a capital grotesque personation as "Arry of the Hoxford. The Orrin Brothers closed 17, and D. L. Morris 20. Delehanty and Hengler, Willie Gaylord and the Sharpleys appear 22.

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AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, there was presented last week a programme well calculated to contribute to the amusement of its numerous visitors, the most prominent features being the vocalism of Ida Clifford, Nellie Thorne, Maggie Bowers, Kate Byrnes and G. B. Clark, and the concluding comic pantomime "Nicodemus," in which Harry Thorne as the Clown displayed considerable quaint humor. The Constantine and Leslie Burlesque Troupe, Bertha Rowe and Minnie Lee are the new arrivals announced for Jan. 22.

MAGGIE WESNER in French dances is the leading attraction at the International Music Hall, Philadelphia.

DAVIS & Co., theatrical agents, offer to procure engagements for variety talent. They advertise a panorama for sale.

ERBA ROBESON desires us to correct a statement made by our Baltimore correspondent last week. She is not a serio-comic, but a ballad-vocalist, and wears train-dresses on the stage. She is now performing at Shelby's Adelphi, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE ATTENDANCE at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., the past week has been moderate, owing to powerful attractions elsewhere. The specialties introduced were the clog-dancing of M. C. Healy and Miss Ella Saunders, Agnes Byrne and Lizzie Redmond in songs, Gilday and Gilniven in songs-and-dances, and Mass Mack and Turner in sketches. This week, Harry Montague, the vocal comedian, and Miss Carrie Duncan, the serio-comic artist, will make their first appearance. John Carie "The Live-ly Flea" and Mabel Pearl remain. Manager Hopkins of the Comique received a complimentary benefit from his company at the Providence Opera-house on Thursday evening. The whole Comique company, with several other performers of note, volunteered their services.

AT TREMLEY'S VARIETIES, Pittsburg, Pa., Willis Pickers, Georgie May, and La Petite Florence did not put in an appearance Jan. 15, owing to the snow-blockade. The new faces were John and Harry Kernell and J. D. Kelly, whose musical specialties were cleverly done and well received. The Kernells were greeted with a storm of applause. They appeared in "Ingomar Dishabarn," and were compelled to answer a half-dozen encores. The olio was filled in by songs-and-dances by Searles, Beggs and Haney, songs by Bertha Rowe, negro sketch by Billy and Maggie Ray, sketches by G. W. Herman, H. W. Williams and Lucy Clifton, the whole concluding with "The Drunkard's Dream." The matinees have been so successful that the management have taken a new departure, and now announce four matinees per week—Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Departures: Searles, Beggs and Haney, to Cleveland; Billy and Maggie Ray, Cincinnati; Bessie Rowe, Philadelphia. Arrivals 22: McCarthy and Williams, Maggie Pearl, Aitie Hallett, Kitty Rowell, Charley Benedict and Eugene Martinez. Advices of Jan. 20.

AT THE HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., last week, business was good. The bill commenced with a sketch entitled "Hope 'em In," by Clark Gibbs, Christie Miller, J. Bidden and C. Jackson. John Williams, who was billed, did not appear. The Wilkinson Brothers in characteristic songs and sketches gained deserved appreciation. Miss Jennie Engle in melodies was good, as were Sandford and Wilson as the musical mokes. Erba Robeson sang vocal gems, the Fielding in "Irish Gymnastics," Niles and Evans in an act called "Comedy of Mixtures," followed by Gus Williams in Teutonic comicalties, who responded to repeated encores, and the pantomime entitled "The Devil's Auction," with W. H. Bartholomew in the leading role, concluded the bill. Departures: Jennie Engle, Gus Williams and Niles and Evans, to New York; Erba Robeson, to Buffalo. To open Jan. 22: Sam Devere in "Just in Time."....At the New Central Theatre business has been good. "The Contraband-ists," with Julian Martinetti, Annette Cardelli and Frankie Christie in the prominent parts, Mabel Pearl in songs, Western and Walling in a sketch "The Turnpike Gate," Walter Bray in negro specialties, Fitzgerald and Ryan as the Irish Hod-carriers, Hawley and Noon in eccentric songs, the Sisters Bertie, St. Louis Dancing Quartette, New York, Clark Brothers, New York; and Conners and Kelly, New Orleans. To open 22: Adrienne Grey, Annie Hindle, Lenton Brothers, Adele Leonard, Frank Bell and William H. Bray. Business large.....The Crawford Brothers, Lillian Howard and Charles W. Young were the openings at Heuck's Hall 14. The Brothers Crawfords made a very favorable impression in acrobatic songs-and-dances, and in clog-dances. Miss Howard in songs and banjo-solos proved quite an attraction. Chas. W. Young, Ethiopian comedian, has been heretofore praised while at the National. Business continues exceptionally good. Departures 20: Frank Mara, for Toledo; Mons. Siegrist and boys, to join Nick Roberts' Pantomime Troupe; and Guy Linton and Lucy Adams, to Boston. To open 21: Louise Boshell, Rel Mueab and John and Amy Tudor..... Billy Hasson, a popular comedian, Nellie Ritter in songs-and-dances, and Mollie Somers, Dutch comique and vocalist, were the additions to the company at the Eldorado Theatre Comique 14. No departures. Clark Brothers open 21.....Cora Everett, vocalist, and Lon West, Ethiopian comedian, opened at the Adelphis 15.

THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., remains closed at this writing (Jan. 16), and the preparations for the production of "The Black Crook" are being urged forward under the management of J. W. Blaisdell. The theatre is announced to reopen 20. The ballet will be under the management of Sig. A. Blandowski, with Miss Dot Remmelsdorf, Miles. Antonino and Corssa as premieres. The specialties announced are Little Tod, Venus and Adonis, Alfred Riston and W. H. Batchelder. Hall and Thompson, acrobatic song-and-dance artists, left 14 to fill an engagement at Pensacola, Fla. Advices of Jan. 16.

THE EDWARDS—James S. and Katie—are now performing at the Volks' Garden, this city, where they can be addressed.

THE SUYDAM BROTHERS—Frank and Eugene, gymnasts, have been re-engaged for another week at the Adelphi Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., and they can be engaged for two weeks from Feb. 19. Address as per card.

ADD WEAVER assumed the management of the Adelphi, Hartford, Ct., Jan. 15, when the capacity of the theatre was fully tested by an enthusiastic audience. The company comprised Everetta Snow, John and Lea Pressley, John Queen, Alf Lawton, E. D. Gooding, Add Weaver, the Æolian Quartet, Ole Allerup and an orchestra of five pieces. The entertainment opened with a minstrel scene, with E. D. Gooding as interlocutor, Add Weaver and Alf Lawton occupying the ends. In the olio Lea Pressley executed dance-and-dances, and in conjunction with John Pressley appeared in an Irish sketch entitled "Mollie's Victory;" John Queen did some agile dancing as "The Dublin Dancing-master," Everetta Snow, in a jig, danced herself into the favor of the audience; Weaver and Lawton were seen in a plantation sketch called "Uncle Pete's Reception," in which they did some good character acting; the whole concluding with the laughable sketch of "School," which introduced the entire company. The Simpson Sisters, duettists, began an engagement 18. The Pressleys were the only closing people 20, and the Victorelli Bros. are announced for 22. Letter of Jan. 21.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS desiring engagements are requested to apply to Clemens & Fredericks, managers of the Fountain Music Hall, Erie, Pa., which is now open for the season. Bob Lane is the stage-manager.

WHARTE & TAYLOR, managers of the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., have sent to THE CLIPPER a draft for $108.25, being the gross receipts of a benefit given for the Brooklyn sufferers. The draft we have remitted to Daniel Chauncey, treasurer of the fund. The following is a list of the donors: W. Judah, who gave the rent of the hall; R. W. Meredith & Co., the tickets and printing; and the following donated one night's salary: Harry Wharte and Miss Nellie Taylor, managers; T. L. Bacon, H. D. Savage, F. D. Harris, E. Chrissie, Mollie Somers, Millie Estella, Fannie Kent, Nellie Howard, Millie Martelle, Jus Gebert, C. Klare, Henry Eckert, J. Febach, Thos. Fredericks, Carl Hildebrand, Louis Mitchell, Alf. Miles, D. B. Highland, John Warner, Levi Cole, W. P. Randall, John Ferguson, L. Ferguson, and J. Hourigan.

JOHN LE CLAIR, Wood and West, Young Hercules, Josie Edwards and Maggie Lee were the new people at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., Jan. 15. The attendance has been good. Departures 20: John Le Clair and Wood and West, to New York; and Thomas and Watson, to Jersey City. Announced for 22: Mulligan and Morris, Pettit and White, Harry Woodson, Geo. Kurtz and Nellie Brooks,.....At the Metropolitan the fresh faces 15 were Rose Lee, Frank George, the Leotards, the De Forrests, and the Austin Brothers. Closures 20: Austin Brothers, to Brooklyn; Goldie, Steele and Sallie St. Clair, Philadelphia; Maggie Gray, Frank and Josie De Forrest and Frank George, New York. To begin 22: The Daly Brothers, Murphy and Shannon, Mlle. Cardotta and Nellie St. John.....The Matt Morgan Novelty Company performed Jan. 20 to fair houses. This week they show in Paterson 22, Norwalk, Ct., 23 Danbury 24, Bridgeport 25, Waterbury 26, and New Haven 27.

THE ADEPHI THEATRE, Galveston, Texas, reopened Jan. 13 under the business-management of Mike Carroll; stage-manager, Amos Arnold. The following was the opening company, most of whom were transferred from the Grand Central: Ida Giddons, Louise Stetson, the Arnold Brothers, Frank Lynch and W. H. Trimble.....At the Grand Central the only fresh face during the week ending 13 were Ida Carlisle and Lillie Vane. Ida Carlisle appeared in Irish character-songs very acceptably, and Lillie Vane gave character-songs, which were very well received. Attendance generally good.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., did a fair business the past week with the following list of artists: The Sharpleys, James, Fred and Master Charley—J. L. Manning in a trapeze act, Manchester and Jennings in songs-and-dances, Ada Whiting, W. B. Shimer, Welby and Pearl, acrobatic songs-and-dances, Frankie Howard, and the border drama of "Skip the Prairie Firefly," in which Den Howe shot an apple from the head of Miss Lizzie Shelton, and also did a backward shot. Departures 20: The Sharpleys, Manchester and Jennings and Welby and Pearl. Arrivals 22: Lydia Rosa, Emma Edgar, Edgille and Eldridge, Searles, Beggs and Master Haney, Anna Hall and Miss Etta May.

BUSINESS at the Olympic, Syracuse, N. Y., the past week was good, regardless of the bad weather. On Thursday night a first-part was put on, with Sage Richardson as bones, Clem Mages tambo, and Jno. A. Toole interlocutor. The new arrivals 15 were the O'Brien Brothers, who did not go, going to Philadelphia. Arrivals 22: Johnny Shay, Verdi Alvis, Kittie Allyne and Foley and Bradshaw.

SHELBY'S CONGRESS OF STARS are to occupy Wagner's Opera-house, Bradford, Pa., for the week commencing Jan. 22.

MISS JENNY HERRING, having made a success at the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass., has been engaged for the remainder of the season to act in burlesques, dramas, and to give her specialties.

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REDUCTION IN RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.—On Jan. 1, 1877, the rate of subscription to THE CLIPPER was reduced to $4 per annum, and the time of all unexpired subscriptions now on our books will be extended in conformity with these rates.


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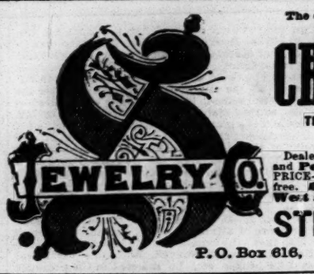


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